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# SCHOOL AND SPORT 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>



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EDITED BY  
H. A. HINTON.

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A FESTIVE SCENE IN STUDY 5 AT ST. KIT'S. ALGY TOASTS THE NEW SKIPPER OF THE FOURTH!





"You Captain of the Fourth!" exclaimed Algy, staring at Bunny Bootles. "Are you thinking of putting up as a candidate, you fat lobster?" (See this page.)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### A Slight Misunderstanding.

"DEAR old Algy—!" Cuthbert Archibald Bootles, better known as Bunny, spoke in the most affectionate tones.

He was sitting on the corner of the table in No. 5 Study, in the Fourth-Form passage at St. Kit's, swinging his little fat legs.

St. Leger of the Fourth was sitting at the opposite corner, his head bent over a sheet of impot paper. There was a wrinkle of deep thought in Algy St. Leger's noble brow, and his eyeglass was screwed tightly into his eye. He did not answer Bunny, and did not even look at him. Evidently Algy was deeply engrossed in his task—whatever it was.

"Algy, old chap—"

"Six!" said St. Leger, apparently speaking to himself.

"I say, Algy—"

"Perhaps seven—"

"Dear old fellow—"

"Countin' myself, eight!" continued Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, still without looking up, "out of twenty-two—"

Bunny Bootles gave a snort.

"What on earth are you babbling about, Algy?" he demanded. "Can't you listen to a fellow when he's got something important to say?"

"Eight!" repeated St. Leger. "Will Lovell vote, I wonder? If he would, that would make nine."

"Will you listen to a chap?" roared Bunny Bootles.

St. Leger looked up at last.

"Will you shut up for a bit, Bunny?" he asked. "I've told you no end of times that you talk too much."

"Look here—"

"Eight—or nine—"

"If you're mugging up mathematics, you can chuck it for a bit," said Bunny, warmly. "This matter is important, Algy. I suppose you know that since Compton went, there's going to be an election for a new captain of the Fourth Form."

"Yaas, ass."

"It's coming off on Wednesday," continued Bunny.

"Oh! yaas."

"And to-day's Tuesday—"

"Go hon!"

"There's no time to be lost," said Bunny. "Do let that rot alone, Algy, and listen to me. It's important. Now, Tracy, of the top study, has put his name in as candidate. All Compton's old gang are going to rally round him. Most of the fellows seem to think it will be a walk-over for Tracy. But my idea is—are you listening to me?" roared Bunny, as Algy's eyes fixed on his impot paper again.

"Eh! No."

"You thumping ass—"

"Don't keep on bothering, Bunny, old bean," urged St. Leger. "Can't you see I'm busy? Go away and play. Blow away, old bean—blow away."

"My idea is, that the new cap-

tain ought to come out of this study!" said Bunny Bootles, firmly.

Algy looked up at that; he seemed interested at last.

"Now you're talking sense, Bunny," he said. "Excuse me, you know—naturally I never expected you to talk sense."

"You agree?" asked Bunny.

"Oh! yaas."

"Good! I thought you wouldn't go back on an old pal, Algy," said Bunny, affectionately.

"No fear!" agreed Algy.

"If this study stands together—you and Lovell and me—we ought to be able to carry the election."

"Oh! yaas."

"Lots of the fellows would buck us up—you've got some influence in the Fourth, Algy."

"Yaas."

"You could ask the fellows home to Rayfield Park, you know, and all that—and then they'd rally round you—"

"You fat bounder."

"Well, you know what election methods are," argued Bunny Bootles. "Can't be too particular in an election. Look how they get into the House of Commons—"

"St. Kit's is a bit more particular than the House of Commons, I hope."

"Yes, but we have to stretch a point at times, you know. That's the line I'm going to take. I'm going to issue a whole sheaf of invitations for the holidays at Bootles Castle—"

"Ha—ha—ha!" roared Algy. "What are you cackling at?" demanded Bunny. "I wish you'd be serious. Now, in this study we count three votes, if the candidate votes for himself—"

"But will he?" said Algy.

"Yes, certainly. That's three. There's only twenty-two fellows in the St. Kit's Fourth—two will be candidates, and that leaves twenty voters—"

"You're gettin' on fine with your arithmetic, begad," said Algernon Aubrey, admiringly. "Did you do that in your head, Bunny?"

"Oh, don't rot! There's twenty voters, and we ought to get a majority, if we all stand together. You can ask fellows home to Rayfield Park—I'll issue invitations to Bootles Castle—and Lovell can shell out some money—his father makes him a jolly good allowance, I hear, and the money couldn't be spent in a better cause, could it? We'll beat Tracy and his gang, shoulder to shoulder," said Bunny, confidently.

"Are you proposin' bribery an' corruption, you fat rotter?"

"Can't be too particular in an election—"

"Scat!"

"Tracy has asked all his supporters to a big spread in No. 9 after the election to-morrow—"

"Well, we might go as far as that!" admitted St. Leger, thoughtfully.

"Of course we could," said Bunny. "It's simply electioneering, you know. Voters have to be

fed. This study is going to provide the new captain of the Fourth. Lovell will play up if you ask him, Algy, as you're so jolly chummy."

"I hope so."

"It's as good as done," said Bunny. "I must say I'm rather obliged to you, Algy, for playing up like this. Of course, I knew you'd back up an old pal. I sha'n't forget you when I'm captain of the Fourth."

Algy jumped.

"You—captain of the Fourth!" he ejaculated.

"Little me!" said Bunny, with a fat smile; "I don't want to brag, but I must say that the Fourth never had a skipper quite like me before. With you and Lovell backing me up, I shall get in all right—"

"You!" exclaimed Algy, staring at him. "Are you thinkin' of puttin' up as a candidate, you fat lobster?"

"Eh! Isn't that what we've just been discussing?" demanded Bunny, in surprise.

"Not at all."

"Eh! what? You agreed that the candidate must come from this study—"

St. Leger chuckled.

"You misunderstood, dear boy," he explained; "I was thinkin' of Lovell—"

"Lovell?"

"Yaas. Weren't you proposin' to back up Lovell as captain of the Fourth?" asked Algy.

"You—you—you!" Bunny Bootles gasped—"you—you silly owl! You—you tailor's dummy! I'm the candidate!"

"Ha—ha—ha!"

Bunny Bootles rolled off the table. His fat face was pink with wrath.

"Aint you going to vote for me?" he demanded.

"Ha—ha! No. I'm just makin' up a list of candidates to vote for Lovell," chuckled Algy. "You see, I'm goin' to propose to him to stand for election, and I've got your name down as a voter for him—"

"Mine?" yelled Bunny.

"Yaas."

"You—you howling ass—" gasped Bunny. "Catch me voting for Lovell! Lovell wouldn't have the cheek to put up! Who the thump is Lovell, anyhow? Blow Lovell!"

"Hallo! who's taking my name in vain?" asked a cheery voice in the doorway. And Harry Lovell of the Fourth came into No. 5 Study.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Rival Candidates.

HARRY LOVELL nodded cheerily to St. Leger. The junior who had once been known at St. Kit's as "Harry Nameless" looked very fit and well and cheery. His handsome face was in a glow, from punting the ball about in a keen wind on the football field.

"Slacking as usual, what?" he asked, with a smile.

"Workin'!" answered Algy, with dignity.

"Lines?"

"No. Makin' up a list of voters for the popular candidate," said the dandy of the Fourth, gravely.

Lovell frowned a little.

"Are you backing up Tracy?" he asked. "I suppose Tracy will get in, as there is no rival candidate so far. But I shall not vote for him. I wish some other candidate would come forward."

"One has come," grinned St. Leger. "Bunny's offerin' himself—"

"Ha—ha—ha!"

The fat junior blinked indignantly at his two study-mates. Cuthbert Archibald Bootles, at all events, could see nothing comic in his candidature.

"Where does the cackle come in?" he demanded. "Stubbs cackled just the same when I told him I was putting up. So did Wheatford. I expected a bit more sense in this study."

"Ha—ha—ha!"

"Oh! cut it off," growled Bunny.

"Blow away, old bean," said Algy, mildly. "I've got to talk business to Lovell."

"Rot!"

"Kick him out, Lovell, old chap. You're more energetic than I am."

"Certainly," said Harry, laughing.

Bunny Bootles dodged round the table.

"I'm going," he said, "and I'm jolly well going to talk to Tracy. If Tracy does the decent thing, I may vote for him! Yah!"

And Bunny Bootles rolled out of the study, bestowing an indignant and scornful snarl upon the chums of the Fourth as he went. Harry Lovell dropped into the armchair.

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger glanced at the list of names on his sheet of impot paper, and then looked at his chum.

"About the election, old bean," he said.

Lovell smiled.

"I thought you weren't interested in that, Algy," he said.

"What's the cause of this sudden activity?"

"I've thought of a nobby idea," explained Algernon Aubrey. "Some remarks of yours put it into my head, old bean. You weren't satisfied with Vernon Compton as captain of the Fourth, when he was here."

"Hardly."

"And you won't be satisfied if his pal Tracy gets the job."

Lovell's handsome face became serious.

"The Fourth wants a better captain than one of the nuts, if it can get one," he said. "The eleven wants pulling together. One of those slackers in No. 9 would be no use. Durance could play, if he liked—but he doesn't like. Tracy is no good at all. Lumley and Howard are no better. Quite a different sort of chap is wanted as form-captain."

"I agree," said Algy. "Some chap with character—"

"Yes."

"A good footballer, an' cricketer, an' good all-round sportsman—"

"Just so."

"Chap who could be depended on to play the game straight, an' hold the scales of justice even, an' all that—?"

"You've got it," assented Harry.

"Well, I've got my eye on just such a chap, an' I'm thinkin' of puttin' him up as this study's candidate."

"Good man," said Harry, at once. "I'll back him up. Are you thinkin' of Stubbs, or Myers—?"

"Not at all," grinned Algy.

"What's his name, then?"

"Lovell!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Harry.

"That lets the merry cat out of the bag," smiled St. Leger. "You're the giddy candidate, old bean. Plenty of time for your name to go down. How does it strike you?"

Lovell looked thoughtful.

"Well, I may as well own up that it crossed my mind that I

should make a fairly good form-captain," he confessed. "I think I could pull the football together a bit, anyhow. But—"

"Cut out the buts," said Algy. "You're goin' up as candidate. I've got a list of voters."

"I'm rather new here—"

"My dear chap, a lot of the fellows will jump at backing you up," said Algy. "All the footballin' crowd—which doesn't include me. But I'll back you up out of friendship."

Lovell nodded.

"I feel inclined to have a shot at it," he said. "I know I could do better than one of the nuts, anyhow."

"Of course you could."

"But why not yourself, Algy, old fellow?"

"Little me!" ejaculated St. Leger. "My only hat! Too jolly strenuous, old bean. Not in my line at all! Leave me out! Have mercy on a hapless slacker! No—if this study provides a candidate, it will have to be either you or Bunny Bootles."

"If you bucked up a bit, and—"

"There's nothin' in the solar system that would induce me to buck up even a little bit," drawled St. Leger. "I'm goin' strong to get you in as captain. That's all! After that I shall take a prolonged rest. Now, I've got a list here—look at it! Stubbs, Myers, Wheatford, Scott, Elliott, Bootles—that's six. Tinker perhaps—that's seven. Little me—that's eight. If you vote for yourself, that's nine."

"I couldn't do that."

"If the other candidate does, you shall," said Algy. "I'll make you, if I have to take you by the scruff of your neck. But we can make an arrangement about that with our giddy rival. Twenty voters—an' I think we can count on eight already. Two more to tie—three to win, what?"

"I hardly think you can count on Bootles," said Lovell, laughing.

"Oh! Bootles will play up—he feeds in this study, you know, and if he doesn't play up, we'll keep him short of grub."

"Ha—ha—ha!"

"We'll gather in some more voters, too," said Algy, confidently. "When I get fairly goin', you'll be surprised at my electioneerin'. And we'll move into the top study after the election—"

"Oh!" said Harry.

"You know it's the custom for the captain of the Form to have the Top Study," said St. Leger. "Unbroken and unwritten rule ever since St. Kit's had a giddy local habitation and a name. Better study than this—three windows, you know—no end rip-pin'. No end of a lark, too, to shift the merry nuts out of it, what?"

"I fancy Tracy and Co. will kick."

"Let 'em! The fact is, old top, you simply must get in as captain, an' bag the top study—it's important. There's room in that study for a sofa—"

"A sofa?" repeated Harry.

St. Leger nodded seriously.

"Yaas. I've always wanted a luxurious sofa on which to rest my weary limbs after the terrific exertion of walkin' upstairs. Either the Head must put in a lift in the Fourth Form passage, or you must get in as captain an' bag the top study. Catchy on?"

Lovell laughed.

"I'll do my best to get in as captain, then, old fellow. Let's put a notice on the board next to Tracy's."

"Good man."



Two heads were bent together over the study table. The chums of the Fourth were still busy when Bunny Bootles rolled back into the study. The fat junior fixed a lofty and scornful glance on his study-mates.

"I've done it!" he announced. "Done whom, fatty?" yawned St. Leger. "You're always doing somebody."

"I'm going to vote for Tracy. He's doing the decent thing. If a fellow treats me as a pal, I treat him as a pal," said Bootles. "Tracy offered to lend me ten bob in the most generous way."

"He would—in the circumstances," said Lovell, with a curl of the lip.

"So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!" said Bunny, loftily.

"Oh! go an' eat coke, old bean." Algernon Aubrey St. Leger rose from the table. "I think that will do, Lovell."

"I think so."

The chums of the Fourth moved to the door.

"I say, do you fellows know it's past tea-time?" asked Bunny.

"Yaas."

"Well, what about tea?"

"Tea?" said Algy. "Settle that important question for yourself, old bean."

"I say, aint you going to have tea in the study to-day?" exclaimed Bootles, in dismay.

"My dear man, go and call on your pal Tracy, and mention that you've come to tea," grinned Algy.

"Oh! I say!"

Lovell and St. Leger quitted No. 5 Study, and Bunny Bootles was left alone, with dismay in his fat face.

In transferring his allegiance to the rival study, Bunny had rather forgotten the important question of the commissariat—quite a remarkable omission for Bunny to make. Certainly, Rex Tracy was not likely to refuse a tea to a voter in the forthcoming election—but afterwards?

Bunny did some deep thinking.

Algernon Aubrey's study was a land flowing with milk and honey—in that lavish study, Bunny had always been a good deal like a pig in clover. And after the election, Bunny was well aware that in Tracy's study all he had to expect was a drive from Rex Tracy's elegant boot. The fat junior had food for thought now—unluckily, he had no other kind of food, and it was past tea-time. And while Lovell and St. Leger went cheerily down the staircase, Bunny Bootles, with a discontented frown on his fat face, rolled away to the top study, a great deal like a lion seeking what he might devour.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Boot for Bootles.

"ST. LEGER! Hold on a minute."

"Certainly, old bean."

Two juniors were coming up the staircase, as Harry Lovell and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger went down, and they met on the landing. It was Rex Tracy who hailed the dandy of the Fourth, and St. Leger stopped, politely. Lovell stopped, too; but Tracy and Durance paid no heed to him.

"Just a word, Algy," said Tracy.

"Two if you like, or even three," said St. Leger, amiably.

"The election comes off to-morrow," said Tracy. "Now old Compton's gone, you know—"

"I've heard of it," said Algy, gravely.

"I'm the only candidate, so far," said Tracy. "Of course, I'm going to romp home. But there's been some jaw in the common-room about another candidate. Stubbs was sayin' that you might be induced to put up—"

"Little me?"

"Yes, you! There's nothin' in it, I suppose?"

Rex Tracy asked the question carelessly enough, but his eyes fixed very sharply on St. Leger's face.

Exactly why St. Leger, the handsome and fastidious dandy of St. Kit's, had so much influence among the fellows, nobody quite knew, but undoubtedly his influence was very great. In some ways he was a slacker, though at times he could display tremendous energy—for short times, certainly. He never went out of his way to conciliate anybody's regard—indeed, some of his remarks had a

keen edge on them. But whatever was the reason, there was no doubt that the Fourth Form at St. Kit's thought a great deal of Algernon Aubrey; and that if he had chosen to put himself forward as a candidate for the Form captaincy, he would have been easily in the running. Tracy would not have stood a very handsome chance against him, and he knew it. So Tracy's careless manner concealed—or did not conceal—a considerable amount of inward uneasiness.

St. Leger realised that well enough, and he smiled genially. The paper in his hand, containing the notice of Harry Lovell's candidature, was folded, and Algy did not display it. So far, Tracy had no suspicion that there was going to be another and quite unexpected Richmond in the field.

"Well?" asked Tracy, sharply.

"Is there anythin' in it?" asked Durance. "I'm backin' up Tracy, of course, but if you put up St. Leger—"

"Ease your minds, old scouts," said Algy. "I'm not puttin' up! If the Form offered me the captaincy on their bended knees, I should request them, as politely as possible, to take it away an' bury it."

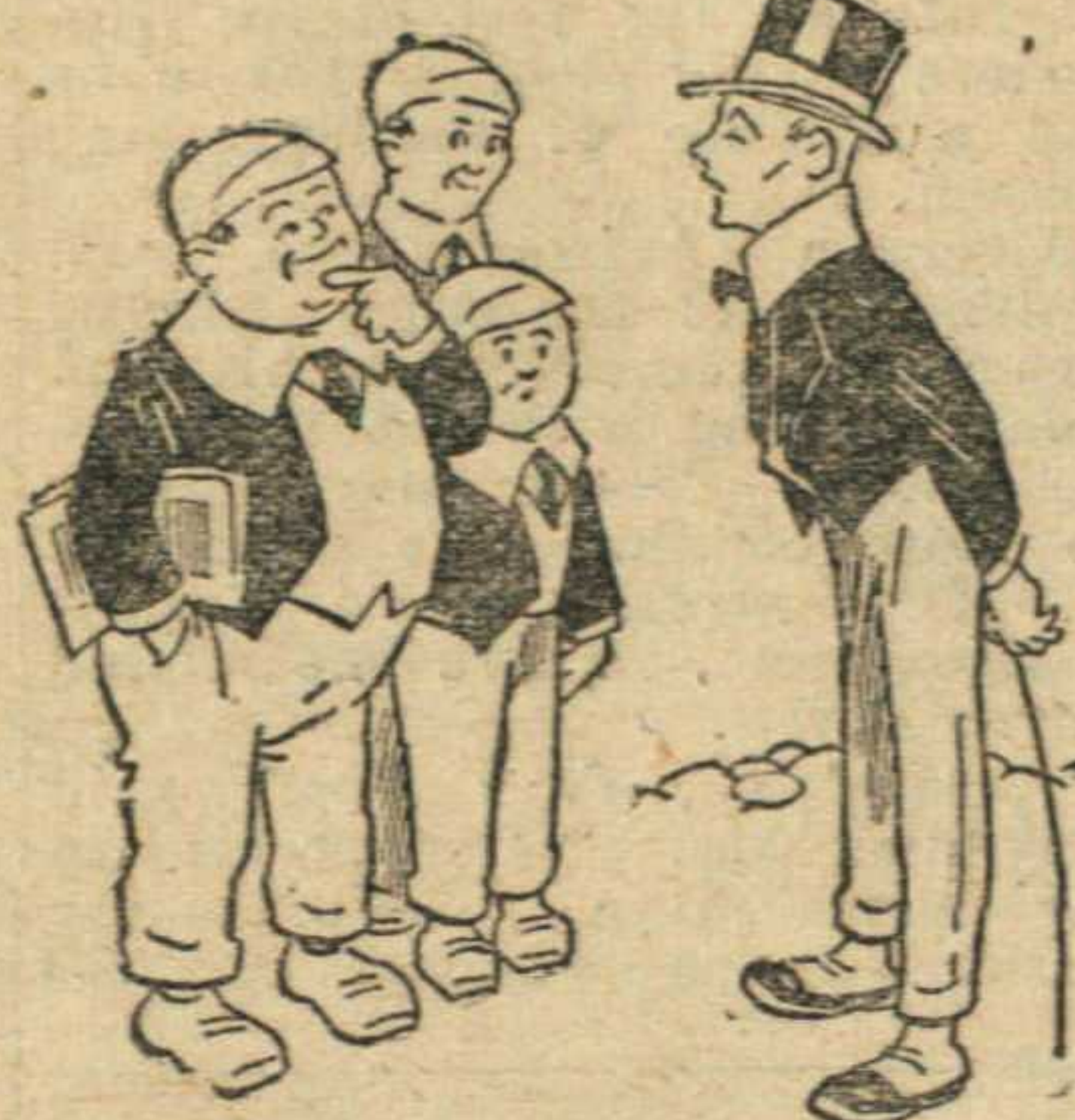
"Honest?" said Tracy, his face brightening.

"Honest Injun!"

"Good man! Then it's a walk-over for me."

"I wouldn't bet on that, dear man," said St. Leger. "I've

### CURIOUS, INDEED!



The New Boy: "Yaas, my pater won renown on the tented field."  
The Other: "Is that so? I didn't know he had travelled with a circus!"

heard Bunny Bootles hint that he might put up—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The nuts of the Fourth laughed as they went on up the staircase. They weren't afraid of the rivalry of Cuthbert Archibald Bootles.

Tracy and Durance strolled elegantly along the Fourth-form passage, quite satisfied with themselves and things generally.

They had been satisfied with the captaincy of the late lamented Vernon Compton, though a number of the fellows in the Fourth hadn't been.

With Tracy in the post, the nuts in the Fourth considered that things would go on as before—in the way they were used to and approved of.

At the upper end of the Fourth Form passage was a step, and the "top study," as it was called, faced the passage at the end. On either side of the passage were four studies. The "top study" was easily the best room in the passage, and was much coveted; and by immemorial tradition it appertained to the captain of the Fourth. It was a good deal larger than the other rooms, and had three windows, and a handsome fireplace and other advantages. Losing the election meant quitting the top study, and Tracy had no desire to turn out of his comfortable quarters, where he and Durance had been Vernon Compton's study-mates during Compton's captaincy.

There were several juniors in the top study when Tracy and Durance entered. Howard and Lumley and Melton, three very elegant youths, belonged to the exclusive circle of which Vernon Compton had been the head, and which now acknowledged Rex Tracy as its leader. Tracy counted upon them—though he would have been very doubtful of their allegiance if Algernon Aubrey had put up as his rival. Bunny Bootles was also in the

study, standing with his back to the fire, his hands in his pockets.

Tracy raised his eyebrows at the sight of Bunny.

"Whats that porpoise doin' here?" he asked.

"Rolled in," said Howard.

Bunny bestowed an ingratiating smile upon the chief of the St. Kit's Goats.

"I thought I'd just drop in and talk over election prospects, old fellow," he remarked.

"You mean you thought you'd drop in to tea?" asked Durance.

"Ahem—"

Tracy pointed to the door.

"Outside!" he remarked, briefly.

"Hem! About my vote, Tracy—" hinted Bunny.

Tracy laughed. Now that he was reassured on the subject of St. Leger he was not worrying about Bunny's vote.

"Take your vote along with you, old porpoise," he remarked.

"Oh, I say—"

"And cut."

Bunny blinked at him. Only half an hour ago Rex Tracy had agreed to lend him a ten-shilling note, after the election. Bunny could not quite understand this change of front.

"If you don't want my vote, Tracy—" he began, with a great deal of dignity.

"I've said I don't."

"How's that?" asked Lumley, looking round. "Isn't St. Leger—"

"He's not standin'—it was only Stubbs's rot," said Tracy.

"Stubbs would be glad to see a man standin' up to this study. But Algy's told me honest Injun that he's not takin' it on."

"Oh," said Lumley, "that's all right then. Algy's word is as good as gold. It'll be a walk-over."

"Don't be so jolly sure of that!" hooted Bunny Bootles, very much discomfited to see his importance diminish so suddenly.

"There's going to be a candidate from our study—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tracy. "We've heard about that! I don't think we shall ever see Captain Bunny Bootles."

"I mean—"

"Never mind what you mean," said Tracy. "You come here to stick me for a spread, and there's nothin' doin'. Get out!"

"But I tell you—"

"Outside!" snapped Tracy.

Bunny almost gasped with indignation. Only half an hour ago Tracy had been all politeness. And now—

"Why, you—you rotter!" he stuttered. "You—you were calling me old fellow, and old pal, when I saw you in the common-room—"

"Was I?" yawned Tracy, while his nutty comrades grinned.

"Well, perhaps I'd go on callin' you old fellow and old pal if St. Leger was standin' for the election—only till after the count, though. Then I should have called you fat porker and bloated porpoise, and greedy grub-hunter, as usual."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky rotter!" roared Bunny. "I can tell you—"

"Travel."

"Lovell is going—"

"Bless Lovell. Get outside."

"I'll jolly well vote for—yaroocoooooop!" Bunny Bootles was cut short by Tracy's hand dropping on his collar. A swing of Tracy's arm sent him spinning into the passage.

The nuts of St. Kit's never stood on ceremony with the fat and fatuous Bunny. And now Tracy was less ceremonious than ever, to compensate, perhaps, for the politeness he had wasted on Cuthbert Archibald under a misapprehension.

Bunny Bootles tottered, rolled over the edge of the passage step, and sat down in the Fourth Form passage.

"Ow! Yoop!" gasped Bunny.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky rotters—"

Slam!

The door of the top study closed on Bunny. The fat junior picked himself up and limped away, breathless with indignant wrath.

In the top study Tracy and Co. sat down to an elegant and luxurious spread. There was plenty of money in that study, and study spreads there were always on a lavish scale, as the hapless Bunny knew. Tracy and Co. were in great spirits—the coming election was, from their point of view, a foregone conclusion, and Tracy was

already, in his own eyes, captain of the St. Kit's Fourth. He did not remember just then the old proverb, that there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Not a Walk over.

ALGERNON AUBREY ST. LEGER strolled elegantly up to the notice-board in the hall, and looked for a place for his paper. Several juniors who were lounging near at hand glanced at him.

"Anybody got a pin?" asked Algy, glancing round.

"Here you are," said Stubbs.

"Thank you, dear boy."

St. Leger pinned up the paper.

"What's it about?" asked Elliott.

Algernon Aubrey waved a delicate hand at the notice.

"Look at it, dear boys. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

### WHY HE RETURNED.



Employer: "Look here, didn't I tell you last week that I wanted an older boy?"

Applicant: "Yes, exactly; that's why I'm here again. I'm a week older now!"

Come on, Lovell, old top." And Algernon Aubrey sauntered out into the quadrangle with his chum.

A crowd of fellows gathered round the notice-board, and the paper, written in Algy's elegant calligraphy, was eagerly scanned. It ran:—

Candidate's Notice!

HARRY LOVELL, of No. 5 Study, Fourth Form, has the honour to request the suffrages of his respected form-fellows in the election for form-captain now pending.

VOTE FOR LOVELL, the Popular Candidate.

Supporters of H. Lovell are requested to give in their names at No. 5 Study after six this evening. Light refreshments.

(Signed)

A. A. ST. LEGER, Election Manager."

"My only hat!" ejaculated Stubbs. "Nameless—I mean Lovell—is putting up as captain."

"Like his cheek," remarked Catesby.

"I don't see it. Why shouldn't he?"

"A nameless bounder!" said Catesby, with his unpleasant grin and a shrug of his narrow shoulders.

"Oh, cut that out," said Stubbs, gruffly. "Lovell's as decent a fellow as any in the Fourth, and as for his being nameless, that's all rot, and you know it. If St. Leger backs him up I'm his man too. I'd rather have voted for Algy, but Lovell will make a jolly good form-captain; he will buck up the footer, too."

"Hear, hear," said Cary.

"Never thought of Lovell," said Elliott. "I'd rather have Lovell than any of that crowd in the top study—"

"Yes, rather."

"I'm jolly well going to give in my name."

"Same here."

"You bet."

Quite an enthusiastic group gathered round the notice-board, discussing the matter warmly. Catesby shrugged his shoulders again and strolled away, grinning. The cad of the Fourth did not like Lovell, and he did not like St. Leger—he did not like anybody, in fact. But he was rather entertained at the idea of a spoke being put in Tracy's wheel in this way. He did not like Tracy.

Catesby was not a member of the exclusive circle of the nuts, and he was treated with considerable disdain by Tracy and Co. He went up the staircase and headed for the top study, quite enjoying the news he was carrying there.

There was a sound of cheery voices in No. 9 when Catesby tapped at the door.

"Come in," called out Durance. Catesby entered.

He did not receive welcoming looks from the circle of happy nuts round the well-spread table.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Tracy.

"Nothing."

"Take it and go," suggested Lumley.

"I thought you'd be interested in the latest notice on the board," drawled Catesby.

"What rot!" yawned Tracy. "Another meetin' of the Sixth-Form Debatin' Society, with Oliphant in the chair?"

"Not exactly."

"The Head got anythin' fresh to say?" asked Howard.

"Oh, no."

"Shut the door after you," said Tracy, pointedly.

Catesby smiled.

"Right-ho! I suppose you're pretty sure of beating Lovell in the election to-morrow?"

"What?"

"Which?"

"Eh?"

Catesby strolled out of the study. Tracy jumped up.

"Hold on, Cat, old chap. Stop a minute. Come in." Catesby came back, smiling. "Is that honest Injun—is Lovell puttin' up?"

"There's a notice on the board—in St. Leger's fist. He's backin' Lovell up," yawned Catesby.

"Half-a-dozen fellows are howling out that they're going to vote for St. Leger's man."

"By gad!"

Tracy's brow was black as a thundercloud.

In an instant he realised that this news was serious. It was very probable that it would make a considerable difference to his prospects.

"The rotter!" he burst out at last. "I—I asked him, and he said he wasn't puttin' up himself!"

"Well, he isn't," said Durance. "He had a paper in his hand, I remember—that must be the very notice that's stuck on the board."

"And he didn't tell us," grinned Durance. "He was pullin' your leg, old nut."

Tracy gritted his teeth.

"The rotter! Puttin' up that nameless cad—a fellow from nowhere—"

"Oh, draw that mild, old man," said Durance. "That's all ancient history now. Lovell's father is Colonel Lovell, a very respectable old gent and brother-in-law to a giddy lord. Lovell's all right."

"Are you backin' him up?" yelled Tracy.

Durance shook his head.

"Not the least little bit! I'm backin' you up, old top; we're birds of a feather, ain't we? You'll make the worst form-captain the Fourth ever had, and I wish you joy of it."

"You silly chump—"

"Perhaps Catesby's only gammonin'," suggested Howard. "You know what a thumpin' liar he is."

Tracy gave the cad of the Fourth a very unpleasant look.

"If this isn't genuine, Catesby—"

"Go and look," said Catesby.

"You cut down and look, Melton," said Tracy. "You hang on here for a bit, Catesby."

"I don't mind."

Melton left the study. He returned in a few minutes with a very serious expression on his face.

"O.K.," he said.

"The notice is really up?"

"Yes."

"That rotter Algy has done this as one up against this study," said Tracy. "But he's not goin' to beat us. We'll get a majority easily enough to-morrow."

"Rather a pity you kicked Bootles out, isn't it?" remarked Durance, reflectively.

"Hang Bootles."

"Hang him as high as Haman," agreed Durance. "But a vote is a vote, and Bunny's vote is as good as anybody else's."

"Well, that's so," said Tracy, calming down. "But a feed will bring that fat rotter round any time. By the way, Cat, you haven't been to tea with us for a long time."



"You've forgotten to ask me," said Catesby, politely.  
"I'm asking you now."  
"You're awfully good," said Catesby.  
"Here's a chair, old man," said Lumley.

"Thanks."  
Catesby sat down. The sudden politeness that was turned upon him was only too palpable, especially to a keen fellow like Catesby. But the needy hanger-on was not thin-skinned; it was his way to make hay while the sun was shining. He sat down to tea with a cheery smile on his face, and from the way Tracy and Co. treated him it might have been supposed that Catesby was a fellow whom the nuts delighted to honour.

Algy's notice on the board had quite knocked out the cheery confidence that had reigned in the top study. Instead of a walk-over, it was pretty clear that the captain's election was going to be a struggle, and that success was by no means a "cert."

Tracy pushed the tea-things aside, and put a pocket-book on the corner of the table, and began conning over a list of names. His face was angry and thoughtful.

"There's five of us here," he said. "That's five—"

"Is Catesby one of us?" yawned Durance.

"Oh, Cat is goin' to stand by us, ain't you, Cat?"

Catesby nodded.

"Count me in," he said.

"Good man! I shan't forget this, Cat."

"I hope you won't," said Catesby.

Tracy coughed.

"That's five," he said. "Verney and Leigh make seven; they're in our set, and will stand by us, of course. I think Lane will be all right."

"Oh, I'm sure of Lane," said Durance. "You've asked him home for the holidays. Fellow can't go back on that."

"Lane makes eight," said Tracy. "That's not so bad out of twenty voters. O'Donoghue will back us up if we lend him some money—that's nine."

"St. Leger might lend him more money," suggested Durance.

"St. Leger wouldn't—too dashed high-falutin'," said Tracy, with a sneer. "We can count on O'Donoghue. What about Scott?"

"Leave Scott out. He wouldn't be found dead in our crowd."

"He's poor," said Tracy. "A quid will work wonders with a chap who's hard up. I'm goin' to try Scott."

Durance shrugged his shoulders. He was a much keener fellow than Tracy, but he was too lazy to argue.

"There's Tinker Smith!" said Lumley.

"That fool?" said Tracy.

"Well, a fool can vote."

"Quite so. I'll get Tinker Smith on my side. That will make eleven, and give us a majority of one."

"You're countin' your chickens rather early," drawled Durance.

Tracy jumped up.

"Let's make an electioneerin' round, lookin' out the voters," he said. "I want to get their promises, with the dashed election comin' off to-morrow afternoon. You fellows finished tea?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I haven't!" remarked Catesby, coolly.

"Go ahead, old chap! You don't mind us clearin', do you?"

"Not at all!" smiled Catesby.

And Tracy and Co. cleared, leaving Catesby alone in the top study. Catesby grinned, and devoted himself to finishing a very ample tea. It was not often that such a spread came Catesby's way; and all was grist that came to his mill.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Electioneering.

SIX o'clock was striking when Algernon Aubrey St. Leger strolled into No. 5 Study in the Fourth. He was followed by Tuckle, the school page, who carried a large basket. Algernon Aubrey had evidently been expending some of his ample cash at the school shop. Tuckle placed the basket on the table and waited, and grinned.

Algernon Aubrey disposed of his elegant person in the armchair.

"Would you mind unpackin' the basket, Tuckle?" he asked, politely.

"Yessir."

"Thank you so much."

Tuckle unpacked the basket, and in a few minutes the study table was glowing with good things. Algernon Aubrey thoughtfully screwed his eyeglass into his eye and surveyed the display.

"Is that the lot, Tuckle?" he asked, as the page picked up the empty basket.

"Yessir," grinned Tuckle.

"Would you consider that sufficient, in the way of light refreshments, for a congregation of eight or nine fellows, Tuckle?"

"Lor," said Tuckle, "I should think so, sir!"

"Thank you very much for your expert opinion, Tuckle. It was very kind of you to carry up that basket for me."

"Not at all, sir," said Tuckle.

"You are not really bound, I believe, by the terms of your engagement, to carry up baskets for members of the Fourth Form," remarked Algy, thoughtfully.

"Always glad to do anything for you, sir," said Tuckle. "You ain't like some fellers, sir, lookin' down on a bloke, sir—like Master Tracy, frinstance—as if a bloke was common hearth."

Algernon Aubrey regarded Tuckle thoughtfully through his eyeglass.

Master Tracy's conduct, in that respect, is extremely reprehensible, Tuckle," he said, gravely. "I am shocked at Master Tracy. Will you do me the pleasure of acceptin' this half-crown, Tuckle?"

"Thank you kindly, sir."

Tuckle jerked the coin into his pocket and departed. Algernon Aubrey smiled.

"What a pity Tuckle hasn't a vote in the election," he murmured. "I am sure he would back up my candidate. By Jove! Is that you, Stubbs?"

Stubbs came in.

He started at the sight of the stack of good things on the table, and grinned expansively.

"I'm here!" he announced.

"Lots coming."

"Oh, good! Put your name down, dear boy."

Algernon Aubrey indicated a sheet of impot paper on his desk,

with a pen handy. The sheet was headed, "Lovell's Supporters." Stubbs of the Fourth wrote his name down with a flourish. Then he turned a hungry eye upon the study table.

"We are much obliged to you for your support, Stubby," said Algernon Aubrey. "Have you had your tea?"

"Well, I've had it," admitted Stubbs. "Not a very fat tea, if you come to that."

"Perhaps you would care to partake of a little light refreshment?"

"Perhaps I would!" agreed Stubbs.

"Pile in, dear boy!"

"What-ho!"

Stubbs piled in. His jaws were going busily, when Elliott dropped into the study. Elliott's face also seemed to brighten at the sight of the light refreshments.

Elliott wrote his name down as a supporter of Harry Lovell, and joined Stubbs in his attack on the light refreshments. Cary and Myers came in together, and followed his example. Then came Wheatford; Jones minor was next. Algernon Aubrey smiled pleasantly. Six juniors had written their names down, and were piling into the light refreshments.

Whether they were keen on the candidate, or keen on St. Leger, or keen on the light refreshments, the election manager did not trouble to inquire. Probably they had a mixture of feelings. But there was no doubt that they liked the refreshments; on that point there was no shadow of doubt, no possible, probable shadow of doubt, as the song says; no possible doubt whatever.

"Oh, I say!"

Bunny Bootles' face loomed into the doorway. Algernon Aubrey raised a forbidding hand.

"Outside!" he said.

"This is my study, ain't it?"

hooted Bootles.

"At present it is the candidate's committee-room, and voters for the other side are not admitted."

"Go easy with those tarts, you fellows!" gasped Bunny. "I say, I haven't had my tea. I'm backing you up, Algy."

Algernon Aubrey shook his head.

"But I am, really!" gasped Bunny. "I—I say, word of honour, you know! I wouldn't back up that cad Tracy for untold gold. The beast kicked me out of his study when I went there to tea—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing to cackle at that I can see. I don't believe he really means to lend me ten bob after the election, either. What security have I got?" said Bunny. "Now, you'd lend me ten bob if I asked you, wouldn't you, Algy?"

"No."

"Hem! I—I say, Algy, old top—"

"Would you mind callin' me St. Leger?" asked Algernon Aubrey, politely; "I am Algy only to my pals."

"I say, old chap, I'm your pal, ain't I?—especially when I'm going to vote for Lovell in the election. You see, he's just the man we want," said Bunny. "The—the very candidate I should have selected myself! First-class fellow, you know—straight as a die—all there, you know. I say, Algy, won't you let me put my name down?"

Algernon Aubrey grinned.

"Put it down, you fat boulder, and tuck in."

"Done!"

Bootles made a jump for the desk and scribbled down his name in a great hurry, with a plentiful adornment of blots. Then he made another jump for the table, fearful lest the rest of the supporters should clear it before he had a chance of distinguishing himself.

Algernon Aubrey rose, and strolled out of the study, leaving seven keen supporters of his candidate dealing with the light refreshments. There seemed to be no more coming. The dandy of St. Kit's strolled down to the common-room, where he found Harry Lovell.

"Gettin' on, dear boy," said Algy, brightly. "I'm workin' in the good cause like a merry Trojan. Seven enthusiastic voters

feedin' in the study at the present moment."

Harry Lovell laughed.

"You ought to be doin' some electioneerin' yourself," said Algy, anxiously. "Seven from twenty leaves thirteen; and that will be an unlucky number for us if Tracy bags their giddy suffrages. You don't seem jolly keen on bein' elected, though a sofa for me in the top study depends on it."

"I'm keen enough," said Harry, "but—but I don't quite like the idea of going round cadging for votes—"

"All right! Leave the cadgin' to me," said Algy, cheerily.

Lovell coloured.

"I don't mean that—"

"Of course you don't, old bean—only your usual high-falutin'," said Algy, amiably. "Now, I've bagged six enthusiasts, who'd vote for Old Nick rather than Tracy—and Bunny has come to the hutch—that's seven. Little me makes eight. We want at least three more. No good tacklin' any of the nuts—they'd vote for me, but they won't vote for you by long chalks. Leave them to the enemy. There's Scott—and Smith—and Lick—I punched Scott's nose the other day, so we'll leave him till last. Will you tackle Lick while I charm the Smith-bird?"

"I'd rather—" Lovell hesitated.

"You'd rather tackle Tinker Smith?"

"No—no. I mean—" Lovell paused. "All right, Algy, I'll go and see Lick."

"He will vote for you if you promise to join his bug-huntin' bizney, and take a deep interest in moths, and gnats, and things," said Algy. "The Tinker is a more difficult proposition, but I hope to be able to pull his leg. Come on—electioneerin's hard work, you know."

Algernon Aubrey took his chum's arm and led him away out of the common-room. Lovell, as a matter of fact, would have been better pleased to leave the notice on the board, announcing his candidature, and leave it at that. But his indefatigable election manager was not to be denied. Algernon Aubrey was determined to see his chum successfully through the election, and he was going to leave no stone unturned.

So Harry Lovell dropped into Lick's study and found that learned youth blinking through his big glasses at the latest specimen he had added to his collection. And having listened to Lick's description of the specimen for a quarter of an hour, Lovell ventured on the subject of the election. Lick beamed on him through his glasses.

"My dear fellow, I'm voting for you," he said. "My belief is that we want a form-captain who takes a real deep interest in moths and butterflies and beetles. It gives a higher tone to the form, I think. You may be able to use your influence to get the whole form to join the Natural History Club. What?"

"I—I—"

"Rely on me," said Lick; "now, look at this moth—"

Lovell suppressed a groan.

It lasted twenty minutes longer. When Lovell left the bug-hunter's study there were beads of perspiration upon his brow, and he was feeling a considerable size in hum-bugs. But he was sure of Lick's vote. Algernon Aubrey was loafing in the passage, and he smiled inquiringly at his chum.

"Got Lick?" he asked.

"Yes, but—"

"Good! I've been goin' to tackle Tinker, but I've been shrinkin' from the awful ordeal. But if you can stand Lick, I can stand Tinker," said Algy, nobly.

"I'm dashed if I like this game," said Lovell; "look here, Algy—"

"Dashed if I like it either," said St. Leger, with a nod; "but I've got to get a study with room for a sofa."

Lovell laughed.

"What about prep?" he asked.

"On an occasion like this, blow prep."

"But Mr. Lathley—"

"Blow Mr. Lathley, likewise," said Algy, airily; "think you feel up to tacklin' Scott, while I diddle the Tinker bird?"

Lovell shook his head.

"Fed up," he answered; "Lick's tired me out with his dashed moths and rubbish, and—and I feel no end of a humbug—"

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"That's the drawback of being a candidate in an election. A chap has to be a bit of a humbug."

"I don't like it."

"Then go into a quiet corner, and do your prep, and leave me to do the humbugging," said Algernon Aubrey, genially; "it's a bore, but it's rather amusing in a way."

"But—"

"I couldn't trust you to humbug Tinker, anyhow. Leave him to me." And Algernon Aubrey, nervously himself for the ordeal, walked away to No 8 Study, where Smith, of the Fourth, had his habitation. Lovell looked after him, and hesitated. Electioneering certainly was not to his taste—though he knew that Tracy and Co. were fully prepared to carry the election by any means, however unscrupulous. He repaired to No. 5 Study at last. The light refreshments were gone, and the supporters were gone also, excepting Bunny Bootles, who was lying back in the arm-chair, with a rather queer expression on his fat face. Lovell took out his books and sat down to prep. A faint groan from the armchair startled him, and he looked up.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"All the fault of those blighters," mumbled Bunny Bootles; "they were scoffing at such a rate, a fellow wouldn't have had a chance if he hadn't been a bit rapid—ow! I—I think it would have been wiser to leave the cream puffs over—ow! D-d-d-do you think that cream puffs agree with sardines, Lovell?"

"I've never tried—"

"It might be the lobster, of course," said Bunny; "I got the lobster down fairly fast—Jones minor had an eye on it. Or perhaps it's the jam tarts or the currant cake. It's possible that jam tarts don't wholly agree with lobster—eaten in a hurry—when there's sardines and cream puffs at the same time—ow! Or—was it the ginger-pop on top of the lot?"

Lovell did not attempt to solve that problem, deep as its import was to Bunny Bootles. He gave his attention to his prep; while the hapless Bunny remained stretched in the arm-chair, emitting an occasional groan—which indicated that the lobster and the sardines were still on fighting terms with the cream puffs, the jam tarts, and the ginger pop.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER. A Wasted Martyrdom.

THE Honourable Algernon Aubrey St. Leger hesitated when he reached the door of No. 8 Study in the Fourth.

He was not eager to enter that study.

Licke, the bug-hunter, was a bore, and Algy would have walked a quarter of a mile to avoid a conversation with Licke. But Licke was quite entertaining in comparison with Smith, of the Fourth. Tinker Smith was the limit.

His name was not Tinker—his name was Handel Mozart Smith. He came of a musical family, and he was musical. The irreverent Fourth-formers had nicknamed him Tinker, on account of the weird, alleged musical noises that were frequently heard proceeding from his study. As Algernon Aubrey paused outside the study, there came a sudden sound from within.

Pong!

It was the sound of Smith's tuning-fork. Apparently he was "getting his note."

Algy suppressed a groan.

Not for wealth untold would he have ventured into that study on his own account. But Algy was capable of greater exertions for his chum than for himself. He was determined that Harry Lovell should be captain of the Fourth; and if Tinker's vote could do it, Tinker's vote should be bagged—at any cost to the heroic Algy. So he tapped at the door and entered.

Smith of the Fourth was alone there; even his study mates, Lane and Leigh, did not yearn for his society. Sometimes, indeed, Lane and Leigh had combined forces to hurl Smith out of the study, when he was too musical. Just now, Lane and Leigh were helping Tracy with his electioneering, and Tinker was left in peace.

Tinker was seated at the table, with a sheaf of music-paper before him, a stump of pencil in his right hand, a tuning-fork in his left.

He raised his eyes to Algy, but did not speak. Tinker's face was rather long and pale, his forehead high and expansive, his hair in want of a cut. It curled over his rather large ears—a wavy curl, which some fellows hinted was deliberately produced by curling-pins.

"Smith, old fellow—!" began Algy.

Tinker Smith waved the tuning-fork at him, almost frantically. Algy understood that he was to be silent. Evidently he had dropped into the study while the Tinker was in the throes of composition. Form elections were matters of little moment to Tinker at such a time.

Algy sighed, and subsided into a chair. He had taken the plunge now, and was going to have Tinker's vote, even if he had to listen to some of Tinker's music as the price thereof.

Tinker Smith was silent for some minutes, his expansive brow corrugated in deep thought. Then he struck the tuning-fork again on the table, so suddenly that it made Algy jump.

Pong!

"Good!" ejaculated Smith.

"Toppin'!" said Algy, thinking that he was called upon to admire. He did not know what he was to admire, but he was prepared to render admiration—as much admiration as was needed to secure Smith's vote for his candidate.

Smith stared at him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Eh?"

"What's topping?" asked Smith, irritably.

St. Leger coughed.

"I—I mean—I mean—" He paused helplessly. Really he did not know what he meant, excepting that he meant to have Smith's vote.

"Don't be an ass," said Smith.

"He!"

"I've got it," said Smith.

"Good!" said Algy, wondering what Smith had got.

"I thought I had," continued Smith.

"You were quite right," said Algy, boldly; "I—I felt sure that you'd got it, Tinker."

"Got what?" asked Smith.

"Eh! why—the—the—whatever it was you were mentionin'," said Algy, feebly.

Smith sniffed.

"Lot you know about it," he said.

"I'm rather ignorant on these subjects," confessed Algy, meekly; "I'm not really musical like you, Smith."

"You're jolly well not," assented Smith; "still, I don't mind telling you what I'd got, if you care to hear."

"Delighted, old bean," murmured Algy.

"I've got the note."

"Oh, good," said Algy, heartily; "I hope it's a fiver."

"What?"

"A pound note isn't to be despised, in these hard times," said Algy.

"I congratulate you, Tinker. Tip from your pater, what?"

"Fathead!"

"Oh!"

"I'm alluding to my note in music."

"Oh! I—I see," gasped Algy, realising that he had put his noble foot in it; "I—I quite see, Smith."

"It's fairly difficult, composing music without a piano in the study," said the St. Kit's musician; "can't have one, of course. Some composers couldn't do it at all without a piano. Not me, though. I've got pitch."

"Have you?" murmured Algy.

"This is the only study in St. Kit's where you'll find pitch," said Smith.

Algernon Aubrey blinked round him helplessly. The study was not specially spick and span, certainly; but Algy could see no sign of pitch about it.

"P-p-pitch!" he stammered.

"Yes—exact pitch," said Smith; "I've got it, St. Leger, and I fancy I'm the only fellow at St. Kit's who has. You'll find it in no other study."

"Where do you keep it?" asked St. Leger, concluding that he was expected to take some interest in Smith's pitch.

"In a box?"

"What?"

"Bit sticky to have in your study, isn't it?"

"Sticky?" said Smith, staring at him.

"Yaas. They say that you can't touch pitch without bein' defiled," said Algernon Aubrey, sagely; "rather rotten to get it on your bags, frinstance."

"You silly owl!" said Smith, in measured tones. "Do you think it's that kind of pitch I'm talking about?"

"Oh! You—you're not alludin' to a cricket pitch, I suppose?"

"Fathead!"

Algernon Aubrey felt that he was not getting on.

"Jever heard of such a thing as pitch in music?" said Smith, sarcastically. "That's what I've got. You buzz a note, and I'll tell you it's pitch, without even looking at the piano. Frinstance, this tuning-fork is A—"

"Is—is it?"

"Yes. Well, I'll give you 'A,' and then you strike the tuning-fork, and see if it isn't exactly the same note."

"Oh! I—I see."

Smith handed the tuning-fork to Algy. Then he put back his head, opened his mouth, and emitted a prolonged howl. Algy started.

"By jove, old fellow, are you ill?" he exclaimed, in alarm.

"That was A," howled Smith.

"What?"

"I was singing the note."

"Oh, gad, were you? I—I mean, of course you were! I—I see!"

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Distance.	Name.	Time.
100 Yards	H. F. V. EDWARD	10½secs.
220 Yards	H. F. V. EDWARD	22½secs.
440 Yards	R. A. LINDSAY	50½secs.
880 Yards	E. D. MOUNTAIN	1m. 56½secs.
1 Mile	A. G. HILL	4m. 13½secs.
4 Miles	WAL MONK	19m. 59½secs.
10 Miles	H. BRITTON	54m. 58½secs.
HIGH JUMP.		
B. H. BAKER		6ft. 2½in.
LONG JUMP.		
H. C. TAYLOR		22ft. 1in.
HOP, STEP AND JUMP.		
F. JANSSON		46ft. 6½in.
POLE JUMP.		
E. RYDBERG		12ft. 2½in.

That was A, was it? And the tuning-fork—"

"Tuning-fork, you ass."

"I mean tunin'-fork—the tunin'-fork is A. I see." Algy poned the tuning-fork on the table, and it buzzed A.

"Same note, you see," said Smith.

"Is it, really? Doesn't the note on the tuning-fork sound higher?" asked Algy, innocently. As a matter of fact, Tinker Smith's wonderful gift of "pitch" was not so complete as he fondly believed, and the note he had howled was not A at all, but G. But the Tinker was in happy ignorance of that fact, though it had struck Algy's sensitive ear at once. Tinker Smith glared at St. Leger with utter scorn.

"You ass," he said; "you've no ear."

"Begad! I thought I had two—"

"No ear for music," said Tinker; "no good talking to you about things you don't understand. You're as big a Philistine as Lane and Leigh. Pair of rotten ruffians, Lane and Leigh—they actually threatened to tear up my music—"

"Frightful rotters!" agreed Algy.

"If you're interested in what I've been doing—" went on Tinker Smith, with a suspicious glance at Algy. He was not accustomed to fellows being interested in his doings.

"Yaas, no end," said St. Leger, faintly; "t-t-t-tell me about it."

"Well, look at this," said Smith, indicating the music paper before him. Algernon Aubrey looked at the sheet. It was covered with wild and weird hieroglyphics, which might have been Egyptian or Assyrian inscriptions, for all that St. Leger knew to the contrary. "See?"

"I see," faltered Algy.

"What do you think of it?"

"Splendid," said St. Leger, enthusiastically. "I—I didn't know you were such an artist, Smithy. You can draw, and no mistake."

"Draw?" said Smith, with a stare; "what do you think it is?"

"Is—isn't it a picture of some sort?" faltered Algy.

"It's music."

"M-m-music?"

"Don't you know the old nota-

tion when you see it?" sniffed Tinker.

Algernon Aubrey gasped. Certainly, he knew the old notation when he saw it; but till Smith told him, he wasn't aware that he saw it on the present occasion.

"Oh! I—I see—that—that's music," said Algy; "good! fine! I say, Smith, you're wasted at St. Kit's. You—you ought to be in a German band, or someth'n'."

"Catch me composing for a brass band," sneered Smith. "I couldn't do without the strings."

"The—the what?"

"Strings!" said Algy, hopelessly. "Wha—a—at do you want with strings, Smithy? Ball of twine any good? There's one in my study."

"Stringed instruments, you owl!" hooted Smith.

"Oh! Yaas! Quite so! I—I see!"

"This sonata that I've composed requires over thirty strings," said Smith, proudly. "Of course, I haven't got all the parts written out. Music paper's so dashed expensive. I've got it all in my head. Give me an orchestra, and I'll make a sensation as a musician. And I haven't even got a piano in the study. Still, Mozart had to labour under a lot of difficulties—so did Beethoven. Not that Mozart

is in the same street with me. Or Beethoven, for that matter, though I say it."

"After all, Beethoven was only a dashed Hun," said Algy, encouragingly.

"They talk about Beethoven in his later period," said Smith.

"Do they?"

"Some day they will talk about H. M. Smith in his early period," said the Tinker. "There's stuff in this study, St. Leger, that will make St. Kit's famous some day. It will be known as the school where H. M. Smith was educated."

"My only aunt!"

"Now just listen while I go over the first movement," said Smith. "I'll hum the melody to you. It won't take a quarter of an hour."

"Oh, do!" groaned Algy, preparing himself for fifteen horrid minutes.

Tinker Smith proceeded. Algy began to wonder whether the election was really worth it. But he bore it heroically. Everything comes to an end; and Tinker Smith came to an end at last.

"What do you think?" he asked, loftily.

"Amazing!"

"You noticed the change of key—?"

"Oh, yaas! That was toppin'."

"Rather a daring innovation, what?" asked Smith.

"Frightfully," said St. Leger.

"How did you come to think of it?"

"Oh, I think of these things," said the Tinker, carelessly.

"Musical brain, you know. You noticed where I went into G minor—"

"Ya—a—a-s—that was the very best bit."

"I say, you're not such a silly ass as you look, really, St. Leger," said the St. Kit's genius, and Algy realised with relief that he had struck the right cord at last.

"That change into G minor is a novelty—I may say a stroke of genius. Listen to it again."

Algernon Aubrey suppressed his feelings, and listened to it again. Once more he was loud in his admiration. Tinker Smith beamed on him pleasantly. He was in great good humour now, and Algy considered that the time had come to refer to the election.

"By the way, Smithy, you know we're electin' a new form captain to-morrow—"

"Oh, yes! Never mind that."

"Lovell's my candidate. You'll vote for him?"

"I'd be glad to," said Smith.

"I'd like to oblige you, St. Leger, as you're the only fellow at St. Kit's who understands anything about music. Can't be done, though—I've promised for Tracy."

"What?" gasped Algy.

"Now listen to this little bit in A minor—"

"You're not backin' up Tracy?"

"Can't be helped. You see, Lane and Leigh are backing him up, and they swore they'd tear up all my music if I didn't vote with them. So I promised. It doesn't matter—what the thump does it matter who's captain of the Fourth?" said the Tinker, impatiently. "Never mind all that! Now listen—"

"You've promised?"

"Yes, yes. Never mind that. Now—"

"I can't ask you to break a promise," said Algy, wrathfully. "Why couldn't you tell me you were booked, you silly ass? I'll give you A minor! I'll give you sonatas! You howlin' chump!"

"Eh! what? My hat! Yaroooooh!" roared Smith, as Algy, overcome by his feelings, grabbed the sheaf of music paper from the table, took a firm grasp on it, and smote the Tinker on the head with it.

Crack!

"Yoooooooop!"

"There, you silly ass!" gasped Algy.

"Yow-ow-what-why-yaroooooh are you potty?—yarooooop—groogh—leggo—oh, crikey!"

Algernon Aubrey stuffed the music down Smith's back, and strode out of the study, banging the door after him.

The astonished musician was left in a breathless and gasping state, making frantic efforts to extract his sonata from the back of his neck.

Algernon Aubrey walked along to No. 5, where he found Lovell at prep, and Bunny pallid and flabby in the armchair.

"Bagged Tinker's vote?" asked Harry, looking up with a smile.

St. Leger breathed hard.

"Nunno! But I've banged him on the napper, that's one comfort," he said. "After torturin' me for half-an-hour or more, he let out that he'd promised already to vote for Tracy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, it may be amusing," said Algy, "but it wasn't very enter-tainin' while it lasted. I can tell you! However, I gave him a jolly good bang on the napper with a stack of music paper—I'm glad of that. I'm not goin' to do any more electioneerin' this evenin'."

"Better do some prep."

"Oh, blow prep!"

And the Honourable Algernon Aubrey sat down to rest after his labours. He felt that he needed it.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Tracy's Luck.

REX TRACY tapped on the door of No. 7 Study, and lounged in elegantly. Scott of the Fourth was at prep, there. Scott shared No. 7 with O'Donoghue, who was one of Tracy's supporters, and was now in the top study with the nutty crowd. Scott was a hard worker, and he did not look pleased when Tracy strodd in. Generally the nuts of the Fourth scorned Scott as a "swot," and made no secret of their lofty contempt. But just now Tracy's manner was urbanity itself. He nodded to Scott in the most affable way.

"Busy?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Scott, briefly. "Spare a few minutes, what?" asked Tracy, taking a seat on the corner of the study table.

"Well, yes," said Scott, reluctantly. "What is it?"

"Swottin', eh?"

"Prep!" said Scott.

"I wish I could stick to it like you do, old top," said Tracy, amiably. "You'll be baggin' prizes again this term, what?"

"I hope so."

"Well, about the election," said Tracy. "I hope you're votin' for me, old top."

"I don't suppose I shall vote at all," said Scott.

"I'd really like you to back me up," said Tracy. "We've been pretty good friends, haven't we?"

"Not that I know of."

Tracy coughed.

"Well, you're so stand-offish," he remarked. "You never let yourself go like other chaps."



wish you'd drop into the top study sometimes."

"Thanks! I don't care for cigarettes or playing banker."

"Hem! Well, about the election—"

"Oh, bother the election," said Scott. "You don't want my vote, anyhow, as there isn't any other candidate. You'll be elected."

Tracy's lip curled involuntarily. This blessed "swot," he reflected, was so deep in his dashed swotting that he hadn't even heard of the advent of a rival candidate; he was in utter ignorance of the excitement that was raging in the St. Kit's Fourth. It was all that Tracy could do to keep from openly displaying his contempt and derision.

"The—the fact is," he said, "another fellow has put up; that nameless rotter—what's his name?"

"Lovell?" asked Scott.

"That's the cad."

"Oh, in that case, I think I shall vote," said Scott. "Certainly Lovell's a good man for the job."

Tracy bit his lip.

"I want you to vote for me," he said.

"Nothing doing."

"Shouldn't I make as good a form captain as Lovell, or better, for that matter?" demanded Tracy.

"I think not."

"Now, look here, Scott, I've got ten promised supporters," said Tracy, persuasively. "One more vote makes it a cert for me. If you support me, it's a dead cert. See?"

"Sorry!" said Scott, politely; and he turned to his books again, as a hint that the interview was over.

But Tracy was not finished yet.

"Let's go into this," he said. "If a fellow backs me up, I'm prepared to do the decent thing. You're not so jolly well off, Scott, if you don't mind my mentioning it."

"You've mentioned it often enough," said Scott, drily. "Once more doesn't matter very much."

"Hem! Well, I'm pretty well off myself," hinted Tracy.

"You've mentioned that fairly often, too."

"Look here, let's come to business," said Tracy, abruptly. "If you back me up at the election, it will be worth a quid to you. There!"

Scott looked at him.

"A quid?" he repeated.

"That's business," said Tracy. A gleam came into the Scottish junior's eyes.

"You're offering me a bribe to vote for you?" he asked.

"Don't put it like that," said Tracy. "One good turn deserves another—that's how I look at it. You're hard up."

"That's so."

"A quid's a quid!" said Tracy.

"No doubt about that," assented Scott, with a nod. "If I sold my vote, though, I should probably want to sell it higher than that."

"I'm not stickin' at trifles," said Tracy. "I want to get in. Make it a couple of quid, and it's a go."

"Two pounds for acting like a sneaking cad and blackguard?" said Scott, reflectively, and with a look on his face that Rex Tracy did not quite like. "I suppose in my position you'd jump at it, Tracy."

"I jolly well would!" assented Tracy.

"Well, I'm not going to jump at it," said Scott, rising to his feet. "I'm going to kick you out of my study, you rotter."

"What!" yelled Tracy, sliding off the table in a great hurry. "Why, you cheeky cad—you hard-up prize-hunter—you—hands off, you rotter!"

Tracy's peculiar mode of electioneering was not prospering, in Scott's study at least. The Scottish junior grasped him by the shoulders, receiving, without heeding, a savage blow from the nut of the Fourth. He swung Tracy round in the doorway, and drove his boot upon Tracy's well-fitting trousers with a terrific drive.

Tracy fairly shot out into the Fourth-form passage.

"Oh! ow! oop!"

He landed on his hands and knees.

Scott stood in the doorway, and grinned.

"Come back and have another, if you feel like it," he said.

Rex Tracy scrambled up, his face convulsed with rage. He was not a fighting-man, as a rule; but he was in a towering rage now. He dashed back furiously at Scott,

and the two juniors closed in strife.

The struggle lasted a minute, and then Tracy came flying out of the study doorway again.

Crash!

He landed in the passage with a terrific impact, and sprawled there gasping. Scott, breathing rather hard, stood victorious in the doorway, and waited for Tracy to come on again.

But the chief of the St. Kit's Goats had had enough. He staggered to his feet, shook a furious fist at Scott, and limped away to the top study. Scott looked after him with a curl of the lip, and after a few moments' thought, walked along to No. 5 Study. He tapped at the door and opened it.

"Lovell here?" he asked.

"Here I am," said Harry. "Come in."

"I haven't finished prep. Just looked in to tell you that I'm voting for you to-morrow," said Scott.

And he closed the door and withdrew.

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger smiled as the door closed. He took out his little Russia-leather covered pocket-book, and entered the name of Dugald Scott in his list.

"Ten for us," he said. "Looks as if it will be honours divided. So long as Bunny sticks to us. If he doesn't, I'll skin him."

"Oh, I say!" murmured Bootles.

"Scott's got his back up," smiled Algy. "I fancy I can guess why."

## SCHOOLBOY CHAMPIONS.

### 1921 SPORT RECORDS AT THE SCHOOLS.

Distance.	Name.	Time.
100 Yards .....	R. R. WOODS .....	10secs.
440 Yards .....	H. C. FRYER .....	54secs.
880 Yards .....	E. G. PARTRIDGE .....	2m. 10secs.
1 Mile .....	E. P. HEWITSON .....	4m. 39secs.
High Jump .....	A. M. MITCHELL .....	5ft. 4in.
Long Jump .....	J. M. CUNNINGHAM .....	19ft. 7½in.

### Can any Reader of "School and Sport" beat any of these Records?

Bootles wouldn't get his back up if Tracy offered to bribe him for his vote, would you, Bunny?"

"Of course, I should stick to my old pals," said Bunny. "I should expect Lovell to give me a place in the eleven if I help to elect him." Harry Lovell laughed.

"You'd be disappointed then, Bunny," he said. "You can't play football."

"Look here, Lovell, if you want me to vote for you—"

"Please yourself," said Harry, shrugging his shoulders.

Bunny Bootles breathed hard. But a fresh pang from the ill-digested lobster caught him, and he groaned instead of replying. The Honourable Algernon Aubrey looked at his chum with an affectionate grin.

"You'd better not stand for Parliament when you're a man, Lovell," he remarked. "You're about the last chap in the wide world to get elected for anything."

But I'm goin' to see you through to-morrow. If Bunny deserts the old flag, I'll boil him in oil! Worse still, I'll keep him short of grub! Hear that, Bunny?"

"Ow!"

"What's the matter with you, old fat tulip?"

"Wow! I—I think it's the lobster—"

"Ha—ha—ha!"

"Oh! dear."

Elections did not interest Bunny just then. He was still pale and flabby when the Fourth Form went up to their dormitory, and he groaned himself to sleep.

But the next morning the lobster was at peace, and Bunny had quite recovered—judging by the way he distinguished himself at the breakfast table.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Election Day.

ELECTION day was a day of excitement to the Fourth Form of St. Kit's.

There was hardly a fellow in the Fourth who did not take a keen interest in the election. Tinker Smith was probably the only fellow who did not care how it went.

In other circumstances, Algernon Aubrey St. Leger would certainly have been a careless Gallio, so to speak. But as it was his best chum who was opposing Tracy, Algernon Aubrey was in his most energetic mood. Lovell and St.

Leger, indeed, seemed to have changed characters. Lovell paid no heed to electioneering, and did not seem to care whether the fellows voted for him or not. Certainly he would not go around, like Coriolanus of old, cajoling the voters for their "sweet voices." Algernon Aubrey certainly would not have done so, either, on his own account. But on his chum's account he was indefatigable.

Judging by the buzz of endless discussion in the Fourth, the fate of St. Kit's might have been hanging in the balance.

The other Forms went on the even tenor of their way regardless. Babbie and Co., of the Shell, affected a disdainful ignorance of the whole proceedings. Verney of the Shell had a minor in the Fourth; but Verney major was loftily regardless of Verney minor's hopes and fears. The fags of the Third cared nothing about Fourth-Form politics; indeed, the Third were very keen just then on a terrific combat that was coming off between West minor and Judson minimus, and had no time to think about Fourth-Form affairs.

The Fifth, of course, were still more lofty than the Shell, and if they noted the excitement in the Fourth at all, noticed it with indulgent smiles. Hilton, the captain of the Fifth, was going to officiate as a teller in the voting, being a good-natured fellow. Gunter of the Fifth was heard to growl that the dashed fags had been kicking up a deuce of a row

On the other side, Bunny Bootles was rather an uncertain quantity.

It was well known that Bunny would follow his fat nose in the direction of a spread at any time, and it was quite possible that he might be enticed away. Even his vote was not a real "cert" if he turned up. For Bunny was inclined to "spread" himself on his importance at the present juncture, and to patronise his candidate, and Lovell of the Fourth was about the last fellow at St. Kit's to tolerate patronage from the fat and fatuous Bunny. It was possible that Lovell erred a little on the side of a too stiff independence; certainly he did not err on the side of conciliation. Algernon Aubrey was in a state of constant anxiety lest his candidate's uncompromising manners and customs should alienate a precious voter.

After dinner, Algernon Aubrey came on his candidate, in talk with Licke of the Fourth. Algy was alarmed. He was still more alarmed when he found that Lovell was saying:

"Look here, Licke, it's not good enough."

"Eh! what's not good enough, Lovell?" asked Licke, blinking at him through his big spectacles.

"I was pulling your leg yesterday," said Lovell.

"Eh?"

"I don't care a twopenny rap about bug-hunting," said the candidate, with hair-raising frankness—from his election manager's point of view. "I wouldn't own a collection of moths for worlds. I think it's beastly to stick pins through the poor little beasts. Now you know."

"Oh!" said Licke, blinking at him in great astonishment, "you seem to me to be a perfect fool, Lovell."

"And to me, begad!" groaned Algy.

"Well, I'm not going to pull your leg for your vote," said Lovell. "You can vote for me or not, as you like. I'd like you to. But hang bug-hunting."

"Oh, you crass ass!" murmured Algy.

Licke regarded Lovell thoughtfully through his glasses.

"Well, I like your cheek," he remarked, at last. "I'm disappointed in you, Lovell. I thought you had some sense. I see you haven't. Do you really mean to say that you ain't interested in my collection of moths?"

"Not a bit."

"You wouldn't like to see my new beetle?"

"I'd hate to."

"Well, my hat!" said Licke. "You don't mind my mentioning that you're a crass idiot, do you, Lovell?"

"Not at all," said Lovell, laughing.

"I'll vote for you, all the same," said Licke. "I hope to have some good long talks with you about moths and things, old chap—you'll see the fascination of it some day. I'm going to vote for you all the same."

"Thanks, old chap," said Harry, gratefully.

"What a dashed narrow escape!" gasped Algernon Aubrey, as Licke walked away, blinking. "Lovell, you howlin' ass, is that what you call electioneering?"

"All serene, old fellow," said Harry. "If I get in as captain, I'd rather get in without any dashed electioneering."

"You jolly well won't get in if you talk to your electors like that!" groaned Algy. "Licke's played up like a little man; but the others—"

"That's all right."

"I'm going to see that it's all right," said Algernon Aubrey. "I'm jolly well goin' to keep an eye on you, old man, till we go into the Glory Hole for the merry election."

And Algernon Aubrey was as faithful as a shadow to his chum after that, till half-past three, when they went into the Glory Hole together. Several of the Fourth were already there. More and more dropped in as the minutes passed. Tracy and Co. came in, in a body, with very confident looks. There was a jingle of cash in Catesby's trousers' pocket, which looked as if Catesby had been raising the wind somewhere. Durance and Howard walked arm-in-arm with Tinker Smith—they had abducted him from his study almost by force, and marched him

down to the Glory Hole. Smith was telling them about a great work he was planning in D minor, and they were listening—they were prepared to listen till the election.

At a quarter to four, all the Fourth Form, excepting Bunny Bootles, had gathered in the Glory Hole. Algernon Aubrey's celebrated eyeglass glimmered round anxiously in search of Cuthbert Archibald.

"Anybody know where Bootles is?" he asked.

"Bunny?" said Stubbs; "I saw him heading for the tuck-shop as I came in."

"Somebody been lending him money!" grinned Elliott.

Algernon Aubrey looked anxious.

"Stubby, see that none of the asses bolt, while I run out and look for Bunny," he said.

"Right you are," said Stubbs.

"Door closes at ten to!" called out Tracy, as the Honourable Algernon Aubrey started.

St. Leger did not heed, he had five minutes. Fellows who usually saw Algy lounging gracefully along with easy, leisured movements, would have been surprised to see him now. He did not look much of a slacker, as he whipped out of the schoolhouse, and cut across the quad to the little school-shop in the corner behind the oaks. Algernon Aubrey was almost breathless, and his eyeglass was streaming at the end of its cord as he darted into the tuck-shop. A fat figure sat on a high stool at the counter, regarded with rather an amused smile by Mrs. Coote.

"Bunny!" gasped Algy.

Bunny glanced at him. He was not eating, though he looked hungry. He gave Algy a nod.

"What are you doing here, you duffer?" shouted St. Leger.

"Waiting for four o'clock."

"The election's at four—"

"Oh, I know!"

"Well, then, come on—"

"Can't! I'm waiting," said Bunny.

"Mrs. Coote is going to hand out the stuff at four, ain't you, Mrs. Coote?"

"Yes, Master Bootles."

"What on earth do you mean, Bunny?"

"Feed at four," explained Bunny. "Tracy isn't such a bad sort. He's ordered a spread for me—pound's worth of tuck—a whole pound, you know," said Bunny, his eyes glistening. "It's prime, ain't it? Only on condition that I have it at exactly four. Says it wouldn't be good for me to eat too soon after dinner. Pure rot, of course. Still, Tracy's paying. He's paid Mrs. Coote in advance, hasn't he, Mrs. Coote?"

"Yes, Master Bootles."

"There's the stuff," said Bunny, jerking a fat thumb towards a stack of excellent things on the other side of the counter. "It's getting on for four."

"You silly fat chump, it's a trick to keep you away from the election," howled Algy.

Bunny nodded.

"Oh! I know that," he answered, coolly. "And I jolly well wish that fellows would keep on playing tricks like this on me! Don't I just!"

"Come on, I tell you."

"No fear! If I don't have it at four, Mrs. Coote's got to keep it for Tracy, haven't you, Mrs. Coote?"

"Yes, Master Bootles."

"So you see, there's nothing doing," said Bunny, blinking seriously at his exasperated study-mate. "I'm sorry! But, after all, you know, you and Lovell refused to back me up as a candidate. I had to let my candidature drop. You can't expect—yarrroooooop!"

Bump!

There was no time to lose, and Algernon Aubrey lost patience. He grasped the fat junior by the collar with both hands, and the high stool rocked, and Bunny Bootles came off it with a crash.

"Yarrooh! Help! I'm killed—yooooop!" roared Bunny.

"Come on, you fat villain."

"Yah! Leggo!"

The infuriated Algy grasped Bunny by both ears and fairly yanked him to the door. Mrs. Coote looked on dumbfounded. Fiendish yells rang out from the hapless Bunny.

"Yah! Oh! Yoop! Oh, crikey! I won't—yah!—vote for your man if I do come—yarrrooooo—pound's worth of—ywo-ow—grub! Oh! crumbs."

But Bunny came! Algy's grasp



upon his ears was not to be denied. He came out of the tuck-shop with a whirl. In the quad, Algy released one ear, but retained an iron grip on the other, and raced across to the school-house, with Bunny's ear. Needless to say, Bunny accompanied the ear. A parting would have been too painful. Letting out a yell at every step, Bunny raced across the quad with Algy, his fat little legs going like machinery.

They burst into the schoolhouse, and very nearly rushed into Gunter of the Fifth, who was coming out with Price. Gunter yelled wrathfully.

"You cheeky fags! Where are you running to?"

But Algy did not heed the Fifth-former. He rushed Bunny away down the passage to the Glory Hole.

"Come on," yelled Stubbs, in the doorway. "Just in time."

"Too late!" shouted Leigh. "It's turned ten to. I say, Hilton, ain't it too late?"

"Keep 'em out."

"Shut that door!" roared Tracy.

Three or four of the nuts rushed at the door to slam it. Algy swung Bunny's weight against it, and the door flew open fast enough. The dandy of the Fourth staggered in, still with Bunny's hapless ear in his convulsive grasp.

"Gad! Just in time!" he gasped.

"Late—too late!" shouted Durance.

"Turn 'em out!"

"Just try it on!" roared Stubbs, defiantly.

"Oliphant, isn't it too late?"

Oliphant and Hilton had just arrived. The captain of the school came forward.

"What rot!" he said, gruffly.

"Stop that row! Shut the door now! Better lock it, and save any more ragging."

Algernon Aubrey grinned breathlessly. He was quite content to have the door locked now; every member of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's was safe inside. The dandy of the Fourth had saved the situation, just in time.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER. Honours Divided.

OLIPHANT of the Sixth glanced round the crowd in the Glory Hole, and exchanged a look with Hilton, who nodded. The two seniors had kindly consented to take charge of the junior election; partly from good-nature, and partly because a junior election without a prefect present was likely to end in a terrific shindy. But both the seniors had affairs elsewhere, and were not anxious to put in more time than could be helped in the Glory Hole.

"Time!" said Oliphant. "Get on with it."

"Two candidates, I think," said Hilton of the Fifth.

"Yaas," said Algernon Aubrey.

St. Leger, his cool and nonchalant self once more. "Here's my man."

"And here's ours!" said Durance.

"Well, somebody get up and propose, and somebody else second," said Oliphant, briskly. "Time's going."

Dick Durance stepped on a chair.

"Gentlemen—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Gentlemen, I beg to propose my friend and trusty comrade, Rex Tracy, for the high and honourable post of the captain of the St. Kit's Fourth."

"Hear, hear!" roared the nuts.

"I beg to second the motion!" said Howard, "and to add a few remarks—"

"Never mind the remarks," said Oliphant. "Let's come down to the mutton. You got anything to say, St. Leger?"

"Lot's, dear boy."

"Cut out the lots; time's going."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gentlemen of St. Kit's," said the Honourable Algernon, "I propose my esteemed friend and relative, Harry Lovell, and beg that you will afford him your suffrages. The said Lovell—"

"Nuff said!" interrupted Oliphant, who certainly seemed to be in a very business-like mood that afternoon. "Anybody second that?"

"Seconded!" rapped out Stubbs.

"Hear, hear!"

"Show of hands for the first candidate, Tracy."

Ten hands went up. Tracy made a movement, hesitating whether to put up his own hand in favour of

himself. Catesby whispered to him.

"Shove it up—Lovell won't—he's too jolly loffy to vote for himself."

And up went Tracy's hand.

There was a roar from the rival party at once.

"He's voting for himself! Is that in order, Oliphant?"

"No. Put your paw down, Tracy!" snapped the St. Kit's skipper. And Tracy blushed and put down his paw.

"Ten!" said Oliphant, counting. "You make it ten, Hilton?"

"That's it—ten," said Hilton.

"Now hands up for Lovell."

Eight hands went up promptly.

Algy's first. Then Lickie, with a kind and forgiving blink at Lovell, put up his hand. Bunny Bootles, instead of putting up his fat paw, gave Algernon Aubrey a malevolent blink, and rubbed his fat ear. Bunny's ear was still suffering—and his thoughts were on the feed in the tuck-shop—now gone for ever.

Algernon Aubrey breathed hard. His eye was on Bunny—gleaming

"You fat rotter, Bootles," hissed Tracy. "You agreed—"

"It was all St. Leger's fault. He—"

"How much did you tip Catesby to vote for you, Tracy?" bawled Stubbs.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tinker Smith came over to Howard and Durance, with a beaming smile.

"Now this rot's over, we can talk," he said. "I was telling you about that little thing of mine in D minor—oh!"

Durance and Howard never learned about Tinker's little thing in D minor. They were fed up with the cheery musician, and they were done with him now.

Now was the time to repay the biggest bore at St. Kit's for the ruthless way in which he had bored them. They collared Tinker simultaneously, and upended him, and Tinker went rolling along the floor in a state of great astonishment.

The meeting in the Glory Hole broke up in confusion, with mutual defiance and howls and

"You owe me a quid—"

"How do you make that out?" snapped the dandy of the Fourth.

"That feed—"

"Go and eat coke."

"Tracy's got it from Mrs. Coote now, and he won't even ask me to tea. He kicked me when I spoke to him—kicked me hard," said Bunny, pathetically. "He's awfully wild at not getting in as skipper. He will have to tip Catesby again to vote for him on Saturday—ten bob at least. I say, Algy, you owe me a pound for that feed. You made me lose it."

"Would you like two pounds?" asked St. Leger.

Bunny's fat face brightened.

"Yes, rather—you're a good sort, Algy!"

"Here's one," said Algy, and he pounded Bunny on his fat chest, and Bunny sat down in the passage with a bump and a roar.

"Ooooooooooop!"

"Now get up and have the other!" said Algernon Aubrey, ferociously.

But Bunny Bootles didn't want the other. He sat and roared,

And Harry nodded.

Bunny was full of it. He was the first with the news; he generally was the first with news. So long as keyholes were made to doors, Bunny Bootles was always likely to know a great deal that was going on.

It was Friday when the rumour spread. The deferred election was to take place on Saturday afternoon; and on Friday evening the rumour had been substantiated into fact!

The rumour was one that would have caused not the faintest ripple of excitement in the Fourth in ordinary times. It was simply a report that a new fellow was coming on Saturday!

New fellows came to St. Kit's at times and nobody was a penny the worse, or a halfpenny the better. New fellows simply did not matter. But the occasion was unique.

For it was ascertained that the new fellow was coming into the Fourth; and a new fellow in the Fourth meant one more voter in Saturday's election; and if the new fellow cared to vote, it was in his power to decide the contest at his own sweet will. Only one vote was required to turn the scale!

For the strength of the rival parties had not changed. A sense of honour kept fellows from deserting the party they had chosen, as well as the exasperated state of feelings induced by party strife and mutual defiance and scorn.

And Tracy and Co. were careful to look well after their supporters; while Algernon Aubrey had a keen eye on Lovell's voters. Even Bunny Bootles was firm and faithful now, it having been impressed upon his fat mind that if he turned traitor, or missed the election the dandy of the Fourth would cut him dead for ever afterwards. And Algy was a sort of goldmine to Bunny—and Bunny realised that one tempting spread, however tempting, would not compensate him for being kicked out of the noble society of Algernon Aubrey for good. So Bunny was firm and faithful; and he made his noble loyalty the excuse for borrowing small sums from Algy about twice a day. He never failed to point out that Tracy was open to bribe him; and that he was nobly resisting bribery and corruption. He wasn't a fellow like Catesby, Bunny declared loftily. He was backing up Algy's party from sheer loyalty and loftiness of principle—and losing money by it. So he felt justified in asking for small loans—and he did it without ruth.

Ten voters on either side was the fixed number, therefore; and there was not the slightest prospect of a change, till the rumour spread that a new fellow was coming into the Fourth.

That put a new complexion on matters at once.

It was certain that the new junior would not be a quarter of an hour inside the school before he heard of the burning question that divided the Fourth. It was fairly certain that, finding himself entitled to a vote, he would vote. And the side upon which he would vote would carry the day!

So the new fellow, as yet unseen, assumed a strange and amazing importance in the estimation of the whole form.

Half the Fourth had determined to see him as soon as he arrived, and explain to him the crucial state of affairs, and how he ought to vote.

Stubbs declared that if the new kid had the sense of a bunny rabbit he would see how matters stood, and would vote on the right side, and save the Fourth Form of St. Kit's from going to the dogs.

While Howard declared that if the new kid was endowed with the commonest principles of decency he would see which was the right side to vote on, and save the Fourth from goin' to the giddy bow-wows. Stubbs' and Howard's views differed as to which was the right side.

Algernon Aubrey turned the matter over in his noble mind on Friday evening while resting his weary and elegant limbs in the armchair. Lovell, who was at prep, looked at him reprovingly.

"Prep!" he said.

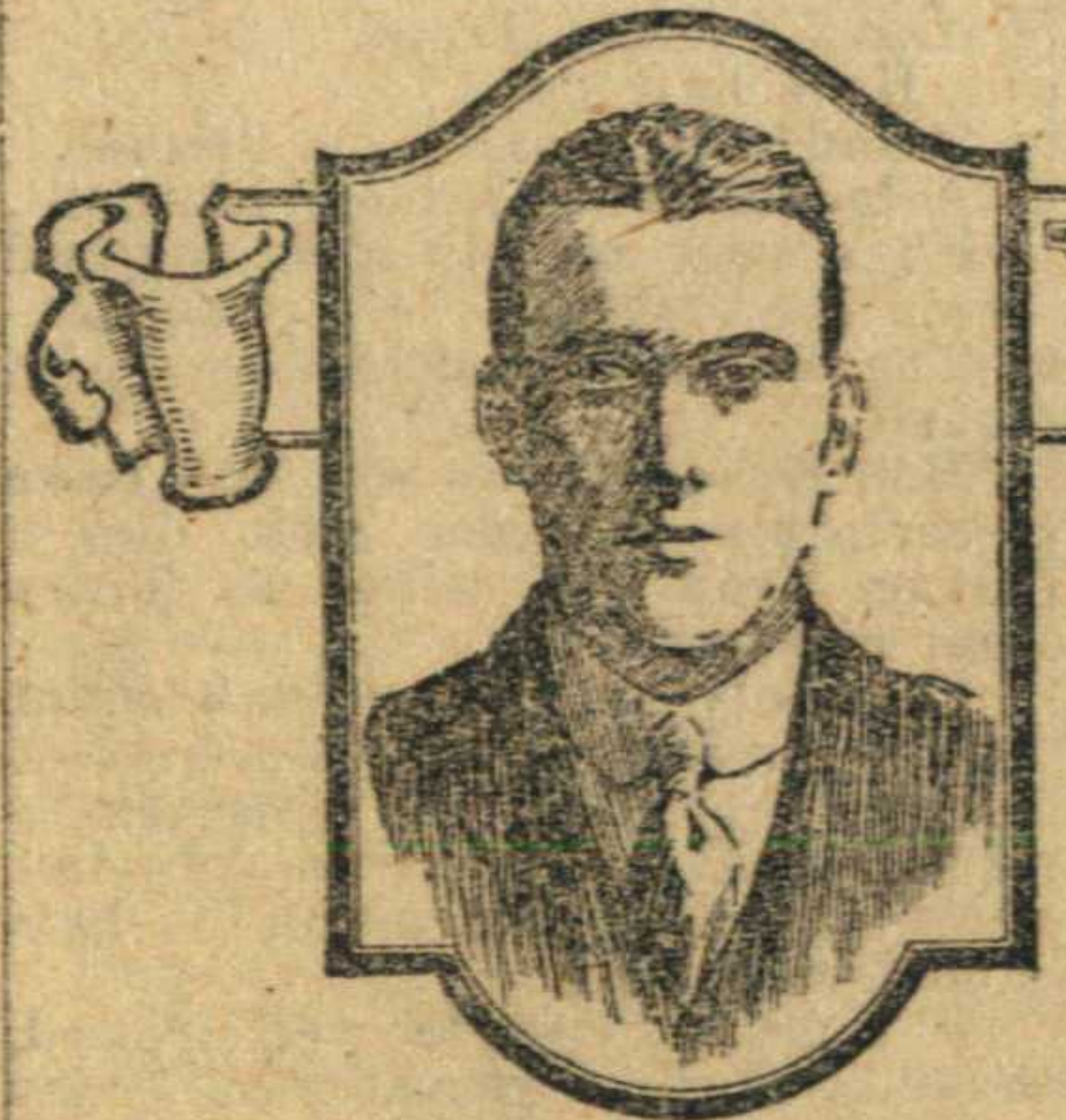
Algy waved a delicate hand.

"My brain's workin'," he said.

"Don't interrupt the mighty processes of my powerful intellect, dear boy."

"But if you cut prep, Lathley will be down on you in the morn-

"SCHOOL AND SPORT," 154, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.



## YOUR EDITOR'S DEN

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. A prompt reply is sent when a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Other correspondence is dealt with in these columns.

### FOOTBALL WINNERS.

#### Result of Footerprobs No. 1 Competition.

The following cotapeititors have been awarded prizes in the form of splendid full-size match footballs, offered by your Editor in the first number of SCHOOL AND SPORT:—

Leslie Arthur, Bee Hotel, Rhyl; Harry Wass, 100, Green-street, Victoria Park, E. 2; W. L. Stephenson, 95, Beancroft-road, Casleford; A. J. Whipp, 81, Silwood-street, Rotherhithe; Jack Cotterell, 1, High-street, Pontypool; Charles Jolliffe, 40, Wyatt-road, Forest Gate.

The correct numbers were: 9, 7, 8, 5, 5, 3, 2, 9.

Next week I hope to be able to publish the result of No. 2 Footerprobs. Competition. The winners given above are to be congratulated upon the skill shown in working out the problem, and to those who were not successful your Editor can only suggest that they should "Try Again."

By the way, competitors are quite at liberty to get their fathers, brothers, or friends to help them, and any one reader can send in as many efforts as he likes.

So if you have not already tried to solve our "Footerprobs," have

a shot this week. The prizes offered are well worth winning.

#### NEXT MONDAY.

The next issue of SCHOOL AND SPORT will be "better than ever." Clifford Clive contributes another magnificent long complete story, entitled

#### "THE FOES OF THE FOURTH."

and it deals with the further adventures of the boys of St. Kit's. Now that Harry Lovell has been elected captain of his Form, the occupants of No. 5 make up their minds to occupy the Top Study, and they do not find it an easy matter to turn out the old tenants. Around this little difficulty Clifford Clive has given us a story which is one long thrill from beginning to end.

#### "THE CRUISE OF THE TARTAR."

By JOHN WINTERTON.

There will be another splendid long instalment of our popular serial story. Another interesting competition, with many prizes. Our "Storyette" feature will be repeated, and altogether you will find No. 6 of SCHOOL AND SPORT wonderful value for money.

#### CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Your Editor was delighted to receive Christmas greetings from Ronald Burt, L. Skingle, David

Stevens, P. Redmond, M. Chapman, Sam Dunn (jun.). And I must take this opportunity to thank the hundreds of loyal readers who have written to me during this week.

#### ENLARGING THE CIRCLE.

Are you making an effort to enlarge the circle? I mean the circle of readers. SCHOOL AND SPORT cannot succeed without your help, and so I earnestly appeal to my chums in every part of the Empire to make a special effort this week to gain new readers. For many the times are bad, but three halfpence spent on SCHOOL AND SPORT is a sound investment, and is really very little money to raise, so will every one of you help me this week by getting one extra subscriber to our little paper? If you all succeed in doing this I shall have nothing to worry about, and one and all will earn the sincere gratitude of your friend—

*Your Editor*

through his monocle. And in that gleaming eye Bunny read deadly threats—and Bunny remembered, in time, that No. 5 Study—that land flowing with milk and honey—would be closed to him in case of back-sliding. Bunny bethought himself in time; and as Hilton and Oliphant began to count, his fat and grubby hand went slowly up.

"Ten!" said Oliphant, and Hilton laughed. "Make it ten, Hilton?"

"Yes."

Oliphant rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"Looks like a tie," he said.

"It does."

"Any of you kids changing your minds, if we take another count?" asked the St. Kit's captain, at a loss how to deal with the problem.

"No fear!"

"Nothing doing, old top."

Oliphant shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, it's a tie, and neither candidate is elected," he said.

"The election will take place again on Saturday; and if there is still a tie, a form-captain for the Fourth will be selected by a meeting of the prefects."

With that, Oliphant of the Sixth walked out of the Glory Hole, followed by Hilton.

There was a hubbub as soon as they were gone.

cat-calls exchanged between the rival parties. Rex Tracy stalked with his comrades, with a black and lowering brow. He had not been beaten; but he had not been successful, and he was in a mood of savage disappointment. Harry Lovell's handsome face was clear and calm as he walked away with St. Leger.

"Rather rotten, what?" asked Algy.

"Well, I'd have liked to be elected," said Harry, frankly. "I think I could do some good as captain of the Fourth—more than Tracy, anyhow. But it can't be helped. I suppose the result will be much the same on Saturday."

"I suppose so—I'll see that they don't bribe Bootles with tuck to desert us, anyhow."

"Then the prefects will select a captain for the form," said Harry, thoughtfully.

"Nobody will like that," said Algernon Aubrey. "We've got to manage it somehow. I'm goin' to do some big thinkin'."

Lovell smiled.

A little later Bunny Bootles cornered Algy in the Fourth Form passage. The fat junior came up to him with deep reproach in his fat face.

"You owe me a pound, Algy!" he said.

"Oh, blow away."

while the dandy of the Fourth walked away; and Cuthbert Archibald Bootles never claimed the other pound!

### THE TENTH CHAPTER.

#### Startling News.

BUNNY was the first fellow that knew!

But it was soon all over the Fourth Form.

The rumour spread along the Fourth-form passage, causing excitement in every study.

Tinker Smith, busy upon his little thing in D minor, wasn't interested; but he was the only fellow that wasn't. Even Lickie, the bug-hunter, showed some interest when he heard the rumour.

The rumour was discussed almost breathlessly by the nuts in the top study. It was like a ray of light to Tracy and Co.

"That's our chance!" said Tracy.

And the St. Kit's Goats agreed that it was.

In No. 5 Study there was less excitement. Harry Lovell, indeed, refused to be moved by the news at all. Algernon Aubrey St. Leger polished his eyeglass thoughtfully, and looked at Harry.

"That may be our chance!" he said.



ing, old chap," said Lovell, seriously.

"Let him down!"

"You missed it last night—"

"I was thinkin' over this serious situation, dear boy."

"And the night before—"

"I was worryin' over the tie in the election—"

"And the night before that—"

"I was gettin' ready for the election then."

Harry Lovell laughed.

"My dear chap, you must do some work. Blessed if I know how you keep your end up in class at all."

"Never mind class now," said St. Leger; "more important things than class to think of. I think I begin to see light. Lovell, old man, go on with the thrillin' joys of prep, while I enjoy the light an' genial conversation of our esteemed friend Bunny. Bunny, my fat old bean, lend me your ears. You know all about this new fellow, of course."

"I generally get to know things," said Bunny, modestly.

"What's his name?"

"Rake."

"Ye gods! What a name. Any other name?"

"Robert."

"Where does he come from?"

"Australia."

"My only aunt! He's not comin' from Australia to-morrow, is he?"

"He's coming down from London. He's been with some people there. A solicitor or something is coming with him."

"How the thump do you know all that?" asked Harry.

Bunny grinned.

"I happened to hear the Head telling Mr. Lathley—"

"Br-r-r-r-r-r."

"If you jolly well turn up your nose at me, Lovell, I jolly well shan't vote for you in the election on Saturday."

"Go and eat coke."

"Look here—!" roared Bunny indignantly.

"Shut up, Bunny! You talk too much!" said Algernon Aubrey; "I'm always tellin' you that you talk too much, old bean. So the new kid's named Rake, and he hails from Australia, and he's coming on Saturday. Know when?"

"The two-thirty at Wicke. Cootie's to take the trap and fetch him and the legal johnny here."

"He will be with the Head and Mr. Lathley for some time," said St. Leger, musingly; "but there will be lots of time before four. I fancy that new kid is goin' to vote for us."

Lovell looked up, with a smile.

"Why should he?" he asked; "he doesn't even know us."

"We're goin' to introduce ourselves, an' he's bound to see what nice chaps we are," said St. Leger; "easy as fallin' off a form. After his legal protector's gone, we'll get him in the study to tea—"

"But—"

"And talk to him like Dutch uncles—"

"But—"

"Bother your butts, old man. We'll have a party to meet him at tea, to introduce him to his future form-fellows. All our voters, in fact. And he will walk down to the Glory Hole with our crowd for the election. He will vote on our side like a good little man, and every-

thing in the garden will be first chop. What?"

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunny Bootles.

"Well, what does that harmonious cackination mean, my fat and bloated Bunny-rabbit?" inquired Algy.

"He, he! Suppose Tracy and Co. play the same game?"

"By jove, they might—they're rotters enough to try and nobble the new kid, an' catch his vote before he's had time to look round him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell; "isn't that what you're proposing to do?"

"Ahem! There's a difference, of course—"

"Where does it come in?" asked Harry.

"Dear old man, you're catchin' Bunny's complaint: you talk too much, at times," said Algy; "leave this to me. I'll have a talk with some of the fellows. You can stand out of it, Lovell—nobblin' voters isn't your bizney. Leave that to your election manager."

"But—"

"Bow-wow, old bean."

Algernon Aubrey strolled out of the study, evidently full of his new

Grunt!

"I'll drive for you, if you like," offered Bunny.

Grunt!

"Oh, here you are, Cootie," said Tracy of the Fourth, coming out with Durance. Old Cootie touched his hat to the nuts of the Fourth—a salute he had not troubled to bestow on Bunny Bootles.

Evidently Cootie had been waiting for the two nuts. Much to the surprise of Bunny, Tracy and Durance proceeded to climb into the trap.

"I say, have you been tipping Cootie to take you for a drive, you fellows?" inquired Bunny.

Tracy and his comrade did not deign to answer. Old Cootie clambered laboriously into his place, took the reins, cracked the whip, and started. Bunny Bootles was left staring after the trap.

Rex Tracy grinned as the vehicle bowled away down the road to Wicke. He had stolen a march on the enemy, he was sure of that. While the Honourable Algernon Aubrey was laying his plans to "nobble" the new junior at St. Kit's, Rex Tracy was going to meet him on his arrival at the station, and get

"lots of time! Let's amble into the station, and meet the noble savage on the platform."

"Righto!"

Old Cootie stayed with the trap, while the two juniors went into the station. Tracy and Durance had dressed themselves very nicely for the occasion, and they looked very elegant, and they had their best manners on now. They wanted to make the best possible impression upon Bob Rake and his legal companion.

The train came in, and the two nuts looked eagerly for the new arrival. Tracy had it fixed in his mind that the new boy was some sort of a savage barbarian, and he would not have been surprised to see him arrive in leather breeches and a sombrero. But there was no such figure to be seen among the few passengers who alighted at Wicke. A stout and portly gentleman, with an unmistakable legal aspect, alighted from a first-class carriage, and Durance looked at him and nudged his companion.

"That's the lawyer bird, you bet," he said.

"And where's the merry barbarian?" asked Tracy.

"Here he comes."

"Gad! He looks quite decent!"

A lad of about fifteen, in Etons, with a coat on his arm, stepped from the carriage.

The nuts regarded him very curiously.

Bob Rake—if this was Bob Rake—certainly did not look like a savage from the wilds, as Tracy had pictured him.

Certainly he was not so elegant as the nuts—his clothes were not so expensive, and he did not look as if he spent a great deal of time upon the arrangement of his hair and his necktie.

But he was quite well-dressed, and he had a manner of easy assurance, and a bright and cheerful glance. He was very sturdy in build—as sturdy as the sturdiest fellow in the Lower School at St. Kit's. His chest was broad, and his limbs were powerful. His feet, undoubtedly, were a good size. They could not have been crammed by any means into Tracy's elegant boots. His face was not exactly handsome, but it was so healthy, so good-natured, and so frank and cheery, that one could not help liking it at the first glance.

Most fellows would have taken a liking to Bob Rake. But Tracy, at least, realised that the new junior was "not his sort." Bob Rake did not look as if he was the kind of fellow to enjoy surreptitious cigarettes and games of banker behind a locked study door. He looked as if he would be more at home on the football field.

He came down the platform with a free and easy tread, while the portly gentleman was speaking to a porter about the baggage.

"Go it!" murmured Durance.

Tracy nodded, and "went it."

He stepped forward, and raised his shining silk topper politely to the new junior. The latter stopped, looked at him, and raised his own hat in reply. Probably he guessed that the elegant youth was from St. Kit's.

"Excuse me," said Tracy, with great courtesy; "new chap for St. Kit's, what?"

"Yes."

"Rake, I think?"

"That's my name," assented the new fellow.

"Mine's Tracy—this chap is Durance. We're in the Fourth Form at St. Kit's."

"Glad to meet you," said Rake.

"I understand that it's already arranged for you to go into the Fourth?" said Tracy.

Much depended on Rake's answer to that question.

For if the new junior was not going into the Fourth Form he would not have a vote in the Form election, and he would be of no use to Rex Tracy. In which case Tracy was prepared to drop him on the spot without wasting further trouble or politeness on him. But the answer was in the affirmative.

"Yes," said Bob Rake.

Tracy beamed with cordiality.

"Good—our Form! We thought we'd hop along to the station and meet you, and you've come such a thumpin' long way," he said.

"Sort of welcome you to the school, you know."

"You're awfully kind," said Bob, with real cordiality and gratitude in his tone. He did not know much about St. Kit's, but he understood that this was rather an unusual act of courtesy towards a new boy, and naturally he did not suspect any ulterior motive at that stage.

"Don't mench," said Tracy, airily.

"New kids feel a bit lost at first, sometimes," remarked Durance.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"We're goin' to look after you, an' all that," said Tracy, and with all his desire to be pleasant he could not keep a tinge of patronage out of his voice and manner.

Bob Rake smiled cheerily.

"You're very good," he said; "I fancy I can look after myself pretty well, but I'm very much obliged to you all the same."

The legal gentleman came up, and the nuts introduced themselves and learned that his name was Mr. Scupper. Quite a pleasant party walked out of the station to the trap.

Tracy took a seat in the trap with Bob Rake and Mr. Scupper. There was no room for Durance.

That youth raised his hat very politely as the trap drove away. When it was bowling away down the old High Street of Wicke, Durance shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Ten to one Tracy makes a muck of it!" he murmured. And Durance strolled away to the Lizard, to knock the balls about in the billiard-room until it was time to turn up at St. Kit's for the election.

### THREE GREAT CRICKETERS IN 1921.

MEAD	..... in	52 innings	scored 3,179 runs	.... Average 69.10
E. R. WILSON	in	370 overs	took 51 wickets	.. Average 11.19
KENNEDY	.... in	1,427 overs	took 186 wickets	.. Average 21.55

idea. In the top study at the same time, a discussion was going on, on the same topic. The new boy from Australia, when he arrived, was likely to be somewhat surprised by his reception at St. Kit's. The contest for the possession of the new junior was likely to be as fierce as the historic struggle for the body of Patroclus. In his bed in London that night, Bob Rake certainly was not dreaming of the excitement his coming was causing at St. Kit's.

### THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bob Rake, of Australia.

"WHOA!" said old Cootie.

Cootie, the porter at St. Kit's, was always called old Cootie—not to his satisfaction. In Cootie's own opinion, he was a rather youngish-looking man of fifty. But the estimates of his age, among the St. Kit's juniors, varied from seventy-five to a hundred.

Old Cootie was taking out the trap; but he did not seem in a hurry to start. It was Saturday afternoon—a fine winter's afternoon. Cootie had been directed to take the trap to the station to fetch the new junior, and his travelling companion, the legal gentleman, who was to land the new fellow safely at St. Kit's and leave him there. Cootie grumbled as he led out the trap, and grumbled as he held the horse and waited. Old Cootie was given to grumbling. Bunny Bootles loomed up in the offing, and bestowed a lofty nod on old Cootie.

"Going to the station?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, Master Bootles."

"Fetching Rake?"

"Yes."

"Like the job?"

in the first word. Tracy had little doubt that he would be able to enlist the new fellow. He was going to be gracious to him—kind and gracious—and hold out hopes to him of admission to the magic circle of the Nuts of St. Kit's; he was going, in short, to pull Bob Rake's leg, and secure his vote at the election, at any cost. And he was pleased at the prospect.

"No end of a stunt," he confided to Durance, as the trap bowled along, all Cootie's attention being fixed on the horse, which was rather fresh. "We'll bag the savage from the wilds before those blighters have a chance to put in a word, what?"

"Better not allude to him as a savage from the wilds, though," said Durance, drily.

Tracy laughed.

"Oh, trust me to butter him," he answered; "I hear that he comes from some fearful place in the bush, or somethin'—but I don't care if he eats with his knife, and breathes through his mouth, and drops his H's, so long as he votes for me. That's the point. We can drop him like a hot brick after the election—once it's over and I'm captain of the Fourth."

Which will give the stranger from afar a delightful impression of public school manners in the old country," remarked Durance.

"Oh, don't be a goat," said Tracy, irritably; "you've always got somethin' rotten to say, Durance."

"Sutin' my words to your actions, old top," said Durance, imperturbably.

"Oh, rot."

The trap rattled into Wicke village, and stopped at the station. Tracy and Durance alighted there. Tracy looked at his watch.

"Two-twenty-five!" he said;

### THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Tracy Tries it on.

BOB RAKE looked about him with eager interest, as the trap rattled out of Wicke and passed along the lane. The green, English countryside seemed attractive to his eyes, and he did not think of concealing the fact that he was happy and cheerful, not having learned the lesson of the nuts, that lofty indifference and nonchalance constituted the first duty of man.

"Jolly looking country," he remarked to Tracy.

"Oh! yes," assented Tracy.

## 'FOOTERPROBS'

(Football Problems)

SPLENDID  
ONE-WEEK  
COMPETITION.



### RULES.

The diagram given above is from an actual photograph taken at a school football match. "Blacks" had gained possession of the ball, and as a result scored a goal. The ball was netted after a fine exhibition of teamwork—the ball being actually kicked or headed by "Blacks" more than five times. "Whites" did not touch the ball at all.

Now, readers of SCHOOL AND SPORT are set an interesting little problem. They are invited to show their skill in the great game by writing down in

correct order the "numbers" of the players who kicked or headed the ball. Here is an Example showing how your effort might look:—9, 1, 9, 6, 7, 2, 4, 5.

The six readers who send in the correct or most nearly correct numbers will each receive a splendid full-size match football. If more than six correct results are received, the prizes will be awarded to the first correct six examined by the Editor.

All efforts must be received by January 17th, 1922.

The Competition Coupon must be

used, and sent to SCHOOL AND SPORT, No. 5 Competition, 154, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the Competition.

No responsibility can be undertaken for entries lost, mislaid, or delayed, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning the contest, and entries are only accepted on this express condition.

Fill in the Numbers of the Players—Figures only.

9

Name.....

Address.....

I enter "Footerprobs" Competition No. 5, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding. Closing date January 17th, 1922.

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

Full-Size  
Match Footballs  
AS PRIZES.  
ENTER TO-DAY.  
READ THE RULES.



"They're the Sussex Downs yonder, I suppose?"

"Oh! the Downs—yes."

"Fine country."

It had never even occurred to the chief of the St. Kit's nits to notice whether it was a fine country or not.

"Plenty of colour about, though it's winter," said Bob.

"Eh? Oh! yes."

Tracy wasn't interested in the scenery. Just then he was surveying his own elegant trousers, and thinking how much more nicely they were creased than Bob Rake's.

Bob's necktie, too, afforded Tracy much secret entertainment. He wondered whether the fellow had the brains ever to learn how to tie a necktie. It took Tracy five minutes to arrange a tie to his satisfaction. Probably it took Bob about five seconds.

"St. Kit's a jolly place, what?" asked Bob, for information regarding his new school.

"Oh! no end," said Tracy; "in fact, you'll find the Fourth Form full of excitement to-day."

"Something special on?"

"Exactly."

"Football match?" asked Bob.

Tracy laughed, he could not help it. The idea of the lofty and fashionable nuts of St. Kit's getting excited about a football match tickled him.

"Not exactly," he said. "Not quite! We're havin' a Form election."

"A—a what?"

"You know, every Form at St. Kit's has its own captain," said Tracy, with a touch of patronage again.

"I don't know the school customs, of course," said Bob, in his frank way. "I'm quite keen to learn, though. There's a captain of the school, I suppose?"

"Oh! yes, old Oliphant of the Sixth. But every Form has a captain too—Hilton's captain of the Fifth, Babbie of the Shell, and so on. Compton was captain of the Fourth, but he's left. I'm puttin' up in his place."

"Oh! I see."

"The election takes place at four this afternoon, so you'll just be in time for it," said Tracy. "As you're new, you know, I'll give you some pointers about it—put you up to the ropes, as it were."

"Thanks." Bob Rake glanced round him. The trap was passing over the stone bridge over the Wicke, half-way to St. Kit's. "That looks a jolly little river—bathing and swimming there, I suppose?"

"Oh! lots. That's where St. Leger was nearly drowned once," said Tracy. "A chap dived from the bridge here and fetched him out."

"My hat! Must have been a hefty chap to do that," said Bob Rake, with great admiration. "It wanted some nerve."

Tracy decided not to mention that it had been Harry Lovell who did that great dive.

"St. Leger, a St. Kit's chap?" asked Bob.

"Yes, in the Fourth."

"Who fetched him out of the water?"

"Oh! a fellow—I forget his name," said Tracy, hastily.

"About the election—"

"Oh! yes; about the election?"

"I'm expectin' rather a bumpin' majority," said Tracy. "But every vote tells. There's rather a rotten character in our Form whose got the nerve to put up as a candidate—a fellow who's no class, and generally disliked. I want to make sure of beatin' him."

Bob Rake gave him a rather keen look.

"If he's no class, and generally disliked, he can't have much chance of getting in at an election, can he?" he asked.

Tracy bit his lip.

"Well, he's cunning," he said; "sort of works things, you see."

Bob did not quite see, but he nodded. Somehow, he did not find himself liking this elegant junior very much, though Tracy had apparently gone out of his way to be kind to the new-comer.

"I'd like to count on your vote, old man," said Tracy. "I'll show you exactly what to do, you know. You'll be with my friends, and they'll see that you're not put on by the other party. You just have to walk into the Glory Hole an' vote. Put up your hand when my name's called, you know."

Bob was silent.

St. Kit's was in sight now, the

grey old tower, and some of the red roofs showing over the trees. "That the school?" asked Bob.

"Oh! yes. We shall be there in a few minutes now," said Tracy. "You'll have to see the Head and your Form-master. Come to the top study when it's over."

"The top study?" repeated Bob.

"Yes, that's my study, the best in the Fourth Form passage. I'd like you to fix up there," said Tracy, mendaciously. "I'll ask Mr. Lathley to let me have you as a study-mate—after the election. You'll be jolly comfy in the top study. Come there to tea to-day, will you? Anybody will show you the way."

"You're very good—"

"Well, I like to look after a new fellow a bit, and make him feel at home," said Tracy, quite surprising himself with his powers as an Ananias. "There are the school gates. By the way, I suppose I can count on your vote at the election this afternoon, Rake?"

"Look here, Rake," said Tracy. "I want you to vote for me. I've taken a lot of trouble about it. It's goin' to be a very close thing, and I want your vote."

"But if the other fellow's a rotter, and generally disliked, how can the election be such a close thing?" asked Bob.

Again Tracy bit his lip. His astuteness had been a little too astute. And he was getting angry now.

"Well, he's got his supporters," he said.

"Rotters like himself?" asked Bob, innocently.

"Yes, exactly."

"But half the Fourth at St. Kit's can't be rotters, surely?"

Tracy gave the new junior a sharp, suspicious look. It actually came into his mind that Bob Rake, of Australia, was poking fun at him. But the new junior's cheery face was quite serious.

"The question is, will you vote for me, Rake?" he said.

"I'd like to think it out first, if

He sat up.

"Who's come?"

"The rake-bird," chuckled Bunny.

"Seen him?"

"Yes. Looks a rather hefty chap," said Bunny. "Tracy came with him in the trap from Wicke. I saw him get out."

"Begad! Did Tracy go to the station with Cootie, then?"

"I saw him," grinned Bunny. "He's stolen a march on you, Algy. Bet you he's noddled the new boy's vote already."

Algernon Aubrey breathed hard through his noble nose.

"Where's the new kid now?" he asked.

"In the Head's study."

St. Leger glanced at his handsome gold "ticker."

"Three o'clock," he said.

"Lots of time, Bunny, you'll remember to be in the Glory Hole in good time to-day."

"You don't think I'd go back on an old pal, do you?" asked Bunny, in a tone of deep reproach.

get a chance of telling him about the spread—"

"Dry up."

"You're not so keen about electing old Lovell as I am, Algy," said Bootles. "I'd do anything for such an old pal. Will there be meringues at the spread? Mrs. Cootie's got meringues."

"Give me a rest, fatty. Blow away for a bit, old bean."

"I say, Algy—"

"Well?"

"I've run out of tin. Could you lend me half-a-crown?"

"Go and eat coke."

Algernon Aubrey walked out of the study. Bunny Bootles blinked after him with a very injured look.

"Blessed if some fellows wouldn't go and vote for Tracy after that," he murmured. "But—but—I'll stick to Algy. That cad Tracy would turn me down immediately after he got elected; I know that. Not the sort of fellow we want for form-captain."

And Bunny Bootles generously decided to forgive Algy and to stand by the old flag at all costs.

Algernon Aubrey walked down to the football ground, where he found Harry Lovell busy. But Harry came off at St. Leger's call.

"Only practice, isn't it?" asked St. Leger.

"Yes," said Harry, with a smile.

"The new kid's come."

"Has he?" said Harry, indifferently.

"I want you to come and lie in wait for him, and make his acquaintance, old bean."

Lovell shook his head.

"Look here," urged Algy. "How can I ask the kid for his vote when I don't even know him?" said Harry.

"Tracy bagged him at the station, and came in the trap with him. Bet your Sunday socks Tracy's asked him."

"Then it's too late."

"He mayn't have promised."

"Leave it till the election," said Harry. "If Rake is there he will be able to decide for himself whom to vote for."

Algy groaned.

"Call yourself an electioneer?" he said, in disgust. "Go back to your merry football, you ass. I'll do the best I can for you."

"Join us at the footer," suggested Harry.

"Oh, rats!"

Harry laughed and rejoined the footballers. Algernon Aubrey walked away to the schoolhouse.

As he strolled in a leisurely way into the Head's corridor he found that there were three other fellows there already. Tracy and Howard and Lumley were lounging by the window. They grinned at the sight of St. Leger.

"Lookin' for our bird?" asked Howard.

"Eh, what?"

"You know, the new kid's with the Head, and you're after him," sneered Tracy. "Well, you're not goin' to have him."

Algy shrugged his graceful shoulders.

"That remains to be seen, old pheasant," he answered.

And he strolled about the passage until the door of the Head's study opened. As the door opened there was a general movement of interest in the corridor. But Mr. Lathley, the master of the Fourth, came out with Rake, the legal gentleman remaining with Dr. Cheyne.

Mr. Lathley glanced at the juniors in the corridor, and walked on with Bob to his own study. The door of that apartment closed on them.

Algernon Aubrey shrugged his shoulders, and Tracy and Co. muttered under their breath. All four of the juniors got a move on, and took up a position in the passage outside Mr. Lathley's study.

When the door of that study opened there was again a movement of interest. But again Mr. Lathley came out with the new junior.

Bob Rake smiled faintly as he saw the same crowd in the passage. Tracy among them. Bob was "catching on" to the state of affairs in the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, and finding it rather amusing.

Mr. Lathley walked away with Bob to the house-dame's room. Tracy and Co. exchanged looks of disgust.

"Jever see anythin' so beastly annoyin'?" growled Tracy.



The new Captain of the Fourth, laughing and protesting, was raised on the shoulders of Algernon Aubrey and Stubbs and carried in triumph out of the Glory Hole. (See page 16).

"Well, you see—" Bob paused. "Is a new fellow allowed to vote?"

"Oh! yes."

"Of course, being so new, I don't know the rights of the affair—I haven't even seen the other candidate," said Bob.

"Wouldn't it be rather better for me to stand out of the matter?"

"You'll be expected to vote," said Tracy. "The fellows would take it in very bad part if you stood out, when the whole Form's burstin' with the affair."

"Oh! I see. In that case I'll certainly vote."

"For me, I hope?"

"Well—" said Bob, slowly. Tracy's eyes glistened.

Apparently his task was not going to be quite so easy with this new fellow as he had expected.

"I'm countin' on you," he said.

Bob coloured slightly.

"I'd hate to refuse," he said, frankly. "But if it's an election, surely a voter ought to see both candidates, at least, before he makes up his mind."

"Not necessary at all. I've told you the other man is a rotter."

"Yes, but—"

"But what?" said Tracy, sharply.

"Well, we might take different views, you know," said Bob. "I'd really like to see the other man, at least, before I decide how I'm going to vote."

Rex Tracy drew a deep breath. The trap was close to the school gates now, and there was not much more time.

you don't mind," said Bob, politely.

"I do mind!" snapped Tracy.

"Well, all the same, I'd like to think it out first."

"If that's what you call decent, after all the trouble I've taken over you—" burst out Tracy, losing his temper.

Bob's lip curled slightly.

"You make me begin to think that you had a reason for taking a lot of trouble over me," he said, drily. "The fact is, Tracy, I'm not going to promise to vote for anybody until I know the rights of the matter. I'm sorry—but there it is."

"Look here, you cad—"

"What?"

The trap stopped. Tracy, feeling that he had said too much, and afraid to trust himself to speak further, jumped down, and hurried away without another word to the new junior. Bob Rake stared after him in surprise.

"Well, my hat!" he murmured. The probability was great that Bob Rake would not be in a hurry to vote for the junior who had so kindly met him at the station.

#### THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER. A Much Sought-After Youth.

"H E'S come!"

Bunny Bootles made that announcement in No. 5 Study.

Harry Lovell was on the football ground; but Algernon Aubrey St. Leger was adorning the armchair in No. 5 with his elegant person.

"I think you'd better not, you fat owl."

"Oh, I say!"

"I've no time to watch you to-day," said St. Leger. "But if you back out, Bunny, look out for a thin time ahead. You'll fancy you're in the Russian famine."

"I'm sticking to my old pals," said Bunny, affectionately.

"I say, Algy, can I do some shopping for you for tea? Better have tea immediately after the election; we shall be hungry."

"If Lovell is elected, old bean, there will be a spread in this study that will break all records," said Algernon Aubrey. "I'll give you *carte blanche* to do the shoppin'."

Bunny's eyes glistened.

"Good man," he said. "As for depending on me, Algy, you could trust me with your life. I'm votin' for dear old Lovell. D-d-do you think Oliphant would notice it if I voted with both hands? That would count one to the good if he didn't notice it—"

"You fat rascal!" roared Algy.

"Oh! I say."

"Why they sent you to St. Kit's, Bunny, instead of to a reformatory is a puzzle to me," said Algy, shaking his head.

"Oh, don't be a funny ass, you know," said Bunny. "I say, we've got to get our man in somehow. Must do it—for the good of the school, you know—and—so on. That new kid's got to vote for him; that'll do the trick. I'll



"When are we goin' to catch the brute?"

"St. Leger's followin' on—"

"Come on, then."

Four expectant juniors took up their stand near Mrs. Brown's door. After the interview with the house-dame Mr. Lathley came out with Bob, and raised his eyebrows at the sight of St. Leger, Tracy, Howard, and Lumley. He was growing rather surprised at seeing so much of those juniors. But he did not leave the new boy even then. He walked with him to the Fourth-form class-room.

"Showin' the cad round," muttered Tracy.

Four juniors followed on. They were joined by a fifth, Durance having returned by this time.

Mr. Lathley came out of the Fourth-form room, and his eyebrows went up again at the sight of his increased following. He paused and called to Algernon Aubrey.

"St. Leger!"

"Yaas, sir."

"Kindly take Rake—this is the new boy, Robert Rake—kindly take him to the Fourth-form passage—"

"Oh, yaas, sir," said Algy, brightly. "Very pleased, sir."

"Rake will be placed in No. 9 Study," said Mr. Lathley. "There is room for him there, as Compton has left."

"Oh!" said Algy.

Tracy grinned.

Certainly he did not want the fellow to be planted in his study for good. But he wanted him very much for that afternoon. Afterwards Tracy did not doubt that he would find some way of getting rid of the encumbrance.

"Rake is a new boy from a distant country, St. Leger," said Mr. Lathley. "In the circum-

stances I should be glad if you would show him any little attention in your power on his first day at the school."

"Delighted, sir," said Algy, with such heartiness that Mr. Lathley smiled and nodded very approvingly.

"Thank you, St. Leger," he said.

"Not at all, sir."

"Rake, you will go with St. Leger now, and he will show you your new quarters."

"Very well, sir."

Bob Rake walked away with the dandy of the Fourth, and Mr. Lathley rustled off to his own quarters. Tracy and Co. looked at one another. Durance smiled. It was because Mr. Lathley knew that Algy, with all his dandified ways, had a kind heart and a generous nature, that he had trusted the new boy into his care instead of calling upon Tracy, whom otherwise he would naturally have selected as Bob's future study-mate. Tracy had only himself to thank for being overlooked, for in other circumstances Tracy would have looked on the task of taking charge of a new boy as a bore and a trouble, and would have shown his feelings pretty plainly. Hence Durance's smile. Tracy gave him a savage look in answer to his smile.

"Is there anythin' to grin at?" he snarled.

"Keep your wool on, old bean," said Durance, laughing. "The game isn't lost till it's won. As he's goin' to be our study-mate we ought to be able to bag him somehow."

"Come on," said Tracy, between his teeth.

And the nuts followed on the trail of Algernon Aubrey St. Leger and the new junior.

#### THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER. Looking After Bob Rake.

"YOUR name's St. Leger," said Bob Rake, as Algy was taking him up the big staircase.

"Yaas, dear boy. Happen to know me?" asked Algy.

"Chap spoke of you who came in the trap with me," said Bob.

"Chap named Tracy—one of the fellows yonder. You're the pippin that was in the river when somebody dived off the bridge for you, what?"

"Yaas."

"I came over that bridge from Wicke," said Bob. "It was rather a hefty dive for anybody. Chap who did that must be all there."

Algernon Aubrey smiled sweetly.

"It was my chum, Lovell," he said.

"Tracy had forgotten the name."

"Had he?" murmured Algy.

"What did you say?"

"Nothin', dear boy. It was my pal Nameless—I mean Lovell—who dived in for me. Hefty, if you like," said Algy. "It was his first day at St. Kit's, and I was a stranger to him then. You'll meet Lovell. By the way, do you know there's an election this afternoon?"

Bob chuckled.

"I reckon so."

"Heard all about it from Tracy, what?"

"That's it."

"I hope you haven't promised him your vote," said Algernon Aubrey, anxiously.

"No; I said I'd keep an open mind till the election, or words to that effect. Is this the Fourth-form passage?"

"Yaas." Algy looked rather curiously at the Cornstalk. There

was nothing of the shy, sheepish new boy about Bob Rake. His manner had an easy assurance that was not offensive in any way; but that showed that Robert Rake knew quite well how to take care of himself, and was not likely to be caught napping very easily.

"Tracy's one candidate," said Algy.

"Who's the other?"

"My pal Lovell."

Rake looked interested.

"The chap who dived from the bridge?" he asked.

"Yaas."

"I'd like to see him," said Bob.

"I'd like you to vote for him, dear boy."

Bob laughed.

"I'd rather see him first. I suppose I shall see both candidates at the election?"

"Yaas."

"I'll make up my mind then. Which is my study?"

"You're put into the top study," said Algernon Aubrey.

"I'd really like you to be put into mine."

"Honest?"

Algy considered a moment, and then laughed.

"Yaas. I don't want a crowd in the study; it's horrid. But I'd stand it to secure your vote for a pal."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Rake. "You're candid, at any rate."

Tracy and Co. appeared in the passage at the staircase end, and Algy added, rather hurriedly:

"Come into my study now, old bean, and I'll explain to you how matters stand."

"I'd like to see my own room," said Rake.

"You see—"

Tracy and Co. came up at a run. "Come into your study, Rake,"

said Tracy. "It's my study, too. This chap, Durance, will be your study-mate as well. Come and look at your new quarters."

"Do!" urged Durance.

"Look here, Mr. Lathley gave the new kid into my charge," said Algernon Aubrey, warmly.

"You're so specially fond of lookin' after new kids, ain't you?" grinned Howard.

"When there's an election on!" chuckled Lumley.

"Come on, Rake," Tracy slipped an arm through Rake's. "This way! Best study in the passage. You'll be very comfy."

Bob Rake hesitated. He was no fool, and he could distinguish between real kindness and the effusiveness of Tracy and Co. He shook off Rex Tracy's arm.

"I'll stay with St. Leger a bit, if he doesn't mind," he said. "He was good enough to—"

"Mind?" said Algy. "I'm delighted."

"You wouldn't touch the fellow with a barge-pole if you didn't want his vote," hooted Lumley.

"Shut up, Lumley," whispered Durance, hastily.

Algernon Aubrey turned his eyeglass upon Lumley.

"You express yourself very coarsely, dear old bean," he said, gently. "Your mode of expressin' yourself, my dear fellow, is very painful to my sensitive, nervous system. Would you strongly object to blowin' away for a bit?"

"Oh, rats!" growled Lumley.

"Well, come and see the study, anyhow, Rake," said Tracy.

"Yaas, come on," said Algy.

And, thus invited by both parties, Bob Rake progressed along to the top study, to survey that celebrated apartment.

Bunny Bootles came rolling up the passage.

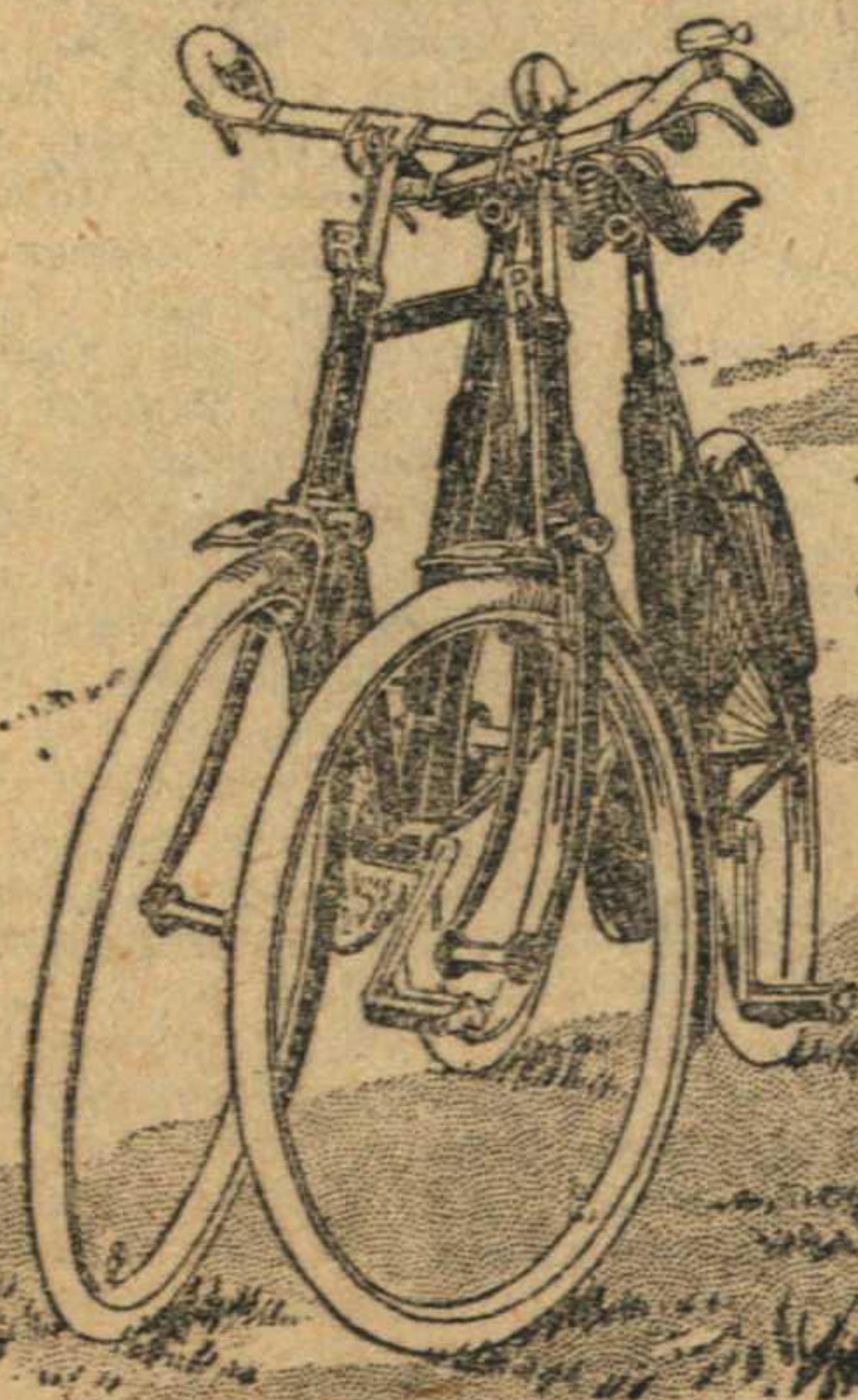
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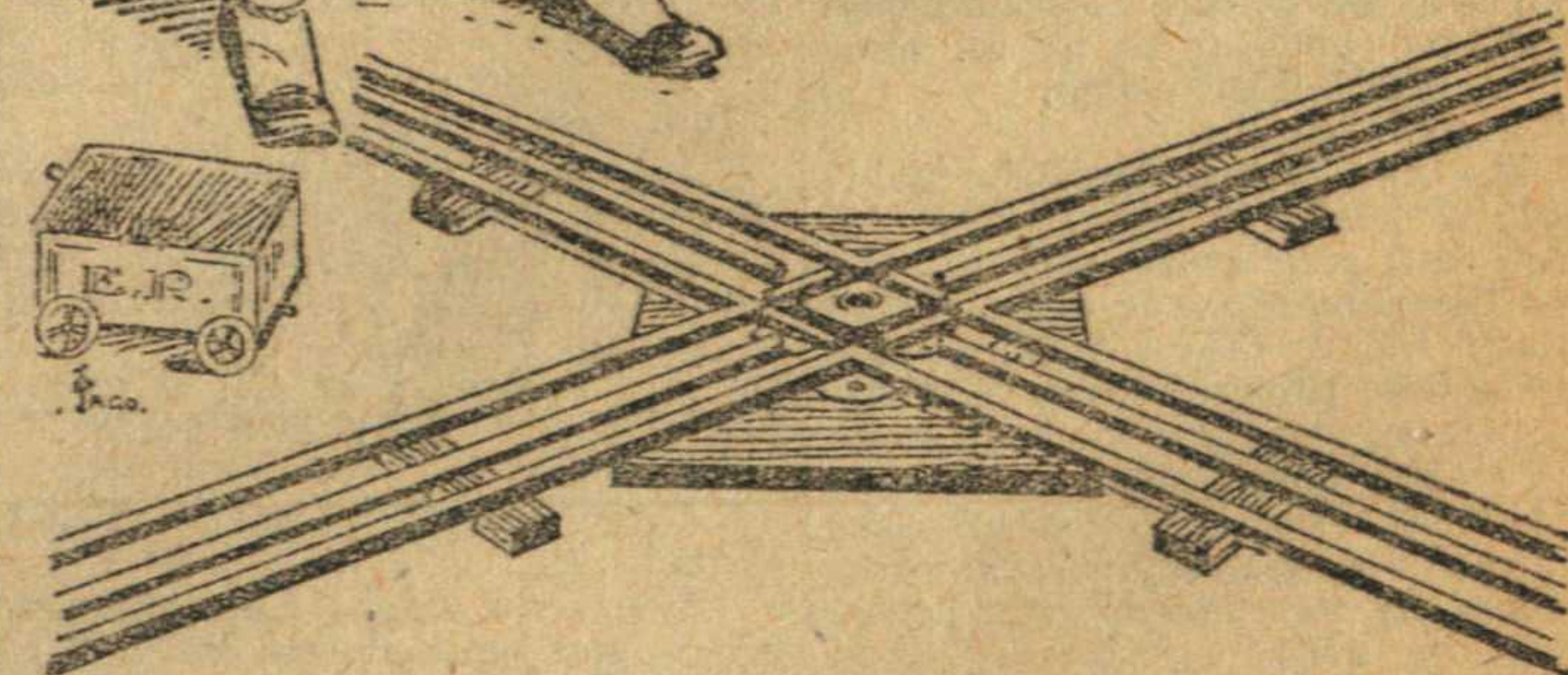
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"Man Scupper asking after Rake," he said. "He's going." "Oh! I must say good-bye to him," said Bob, and he left the top study hastily, Algy accompanying him. Tracy and Co. followed on, determined not to lose sight of the prize. It was getting towards election time now, and the question of Bob Rake's doubtful vote was growing one of burning interest to all parties.

Mr. Scupper departed, Bob dutifully bidding him good-bye at the door. Then he was left to the juniors again. Harry Lovell came in from footer with Stubbs and Wheatford, looking very ruddy and cheerful.

"By jove! Here's my pal!" exclaimed Algy. "Harry, old bean, this way! This is the new kid, Rake, from New Zealand."

"Australia!" said Bob. "I mean Australia, Rake, old nut. This is Harry Lovell, the popular candidate."

"The nameless candidate," sneered Tracy, loud enough for Harry Lovell to hear.

Harry glanced at him, with a glimmer of scorn in his eyes, but did not speak. Bob looked curiously from one to the other. He shook hands heartily enough with Harry; the story of the dive from the bridge had prepossessed him in favour of the "popular" candidate.

Harry went into the lobby to get rid of some mud before turning up in the Glory Hole for the election. Algernon Aubrey piloted the new junior towards the Glory Hole, and Tracy and Co. followed them in. The Fourth Form were gathering now from all quarters.

The new boy's name was on every lip, and every fellow was anxious to see him. Counting and canvassing on both sides had revealed and ascertained the fact that nobody was deserting his party colours—the voters were still ten a side. The result of the election, therefore, depended absolutely upon Bob Rake's vote—if he voted at all.

By this time Bob fully realised his importance in the politics of the St. Kit's Fourth.

A little swank would have been pardonable in the circumstances; but there was no sign of swank about the Cornstalk. He seemed a little entertained, that was all. His manner was perfectly cool and self-possessed under the stare of twenty pairs of eyes.

"Voting for us, old bean?" asked Bunny Bootles, rolling up to the new junior, with a familiar grin.

"Who's us?" inquired Bob. "I'm a Lovellite—Lovell's my closest pal, you know," said Bunny. "I'm his dearest chum. Ain't I, Algy?"

"Not at all."

"Oh, I say, Algy, you beast—"

"Come over this side, Rake," said Tracy. "These fellows are my voters. Oliphant and Hilton will be in to take the vote in a few minutes."

"Here comes that nameless cad!" muttered Lumley. Bob glanced round, and saw Harry Lovell coming into the Glory Hole. He turned quietly to St. Leger, moving off with him in spite of the fascinating wiles of Tracy and Co.

"I've several times heard a queer expression applied to your friend Lovell, St. Leger," he said. "Why the thump is he called nameless? Isn't his name Lovell?"

St. Leger nodded. "Lovell has a rather queer history," he said. "He was lost when he was a kid, and grew up without knowing his father. But it turned out all right—his pater found him at last. He was called Nameless when he was a kid."

"But if his father's claimed him, and his father's named Lovell, he's not nameless now," said Bob.

"Hardly."

"Those fellows are keeping it up against him, is that it?"

"I suppose so."

"Isn't that rather mean?"

"Horrid!" said Algy.

"I rather think that Tracy won't get my vote," remarked the junior from "down under," after a thoughtful pause.

"Good man!" smiled Algy.

It occurred to the Honourable Algernon Aubrey that Tracy and Co. were playing his game for him. They were acting according to their natures—and their

natures were very different from Bob Rake's.

There was a buzz as Oliphant of the Sixth came into the room, and Hilton followed him in, yawning a little. The great men of the senior forms were rather bored with the affair that was so greatly exciting the Fourth.

"All here?" asked Oliphant.

"Yaas, Oliphant."

"Shut the door, then."

Stubbs banged the door of the Glory Hole.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Election.

ALGERNON AUBREY ST. LEGER had slipped his arm through Bob Rake's. Bob seemed quite content to remain with the dandy of the Fourth. But Rex Tracy was not exactly contented to see it. After some whispering among his comrades, he came over to Bob.

"You're goin' to vote?" he asked.

"I think so."

"For me?"

Bob shook his head.

Tracy's eyes glittered. He made an effort to control his temper, however.

"You're not goin' back on me, Rake?" he muttered.

"It doesn't come to that. I've a right to vote for whom I please, haven't I, if I vote at all?"

"Yes. But—"

"Back up your own study!" said Lumley. "You're in the top study, you know, and you're bound to back it up."

Bob hesitated.

"That's all right," said Algy, calmly. "The top study here, Rake, always belongs to the captain of the form. If Lovell's elected he changes into the top study."

"Oh!" said Bob.

"So you'll be backin' up your own study if you vote for Lovell, if he gets in as captain; and he will if you vote for him," said St. Leger.

Tracy gave the dandy of the Fourth a venomous look.

"Shut up, St. Leger! I'm speaking to the new chap! I'm dependin' on your vote, Rake, to see me through."

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Tracy gave the dandy of the Fourth a venomous look.

"Sorry."

"You won't vote for me?" asked Tracy between his teeth.

"No."

"Why not?" hissed Tracy.

"I like the other candidate better," said Bob.

"He hasn't even asked you for your vote, I believe," said Lumley.

"No, he hasn't."

"He doesn't think it's worth askin' for!" sneered Howard.

"He hasn't come to the station to meet me, making out that it was civility to a new fellow, after my vote, anyhow," said Bob, bluntly.

"You chaps were pulling my leg at Wicke, and you know it! Tracy let it out pretty plainly in the trap. Anyhow, my vote's my own."

"You'd better not vote against me," muttered Tracy. "Your life won't be worth livin' in the top study if you turn me down. I warn you of that!"

Bob shrugged his broad shoulders contemptuously.

"So you're getting on to threats," he said, coolly. "Well, I'll show you how much I care for your threats. I'm going to vote for Lovell."

"You rotten cad—"

"That's enough! I'm not used to being called names. If you want my knuckles on your nose, Tracy, you've only to say that again."

"Why, you—you—"

"Now then, no ragging there!" called out Oliphant. "Now we're ready to take the count. Order, please!"

Durance pulled Tracy away. It really looked as if the candidate was going to commit assault and battery upon the new voter just then.

"Keep cool, you ass!" whispered Durance.

"I'll make him suffer for it if he votes against me!" muttered Tracy, choking with rage.

"Keep cool, I tell you. Put in a protest against a new fellow votin'—it may work."

Tracy brightened up. It was a chance.

"Now, hands up for Tracy!" called out Oliphant, getting to business.

"Hold on, Oliphant!" exclaimed Tracy, acting at once on Dick

Durance's sage suggestion. "There's a fellow present who doesn't really belong to the Fourth—"

"Eh! Turn him out, then!" said the St. Kit's captain.

"Outside!" hissed Lumley.

"Get out, Rake!"

"Now, then, get out if you're not in the Fourth!" said Hilton, gruffly.

Bob Rake did not stir.

There was a yell of protest from Lovell's supporters. Tracy's action showed them how the new boy's vote was likely to go.

"He is in the Fourth, Oliphant!" yelled Stubbs.

"Yaas, he's in the Fourth right enough."

"It's all right, Hilton; he's the new chap in the Fourth—"

"Silence!" shouted Oliphant.

"Now, then, let's have this out. Step out here, kid. What's your name?"

"Bob Rake."

"New kid, of course? I've never seen you before."

"Arrived to-day, your worship," answered Bob, cheerfully, and there was a ripple of laughter in the Glory Hole.

Oliphant smiled.

"Well, you've got plenty of assurance for a new kid," he said.

"Are you in the Fourth Form?"

"Yes."

"Then what do you mean, Tracy?"

"He's only just come," said Tracy. "It's rot to let him into the election the minute he sets foot in the school."

"I've been here over an hour," said Bob.

"You want to vote?" asked Oliphant.

"Yes, rather."

"Perhaps you'd better stand aside as a new kid who doesn't know the ropes yet."

"Perhaps I'd better not," said Bob, coolly.

"What?"

"I'm in the Fourth. My form-master has given me a locker and a desk in the form-room, and stuck me in a study. Doesn't that make me a regular member of the Fourth Form?"

"Well, yes," said Oliphant, knitting his brows. "It does, right enough. If you claim your vote—"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

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"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I claim it!"

"I do!"

"Yaas, begad!" said Algy.

"It would be in rather better taste to stand aside, I think, in the— the circumstances," said Oliphant.

"I'm not out for the best taste, thanks; I'm out to vote in the election," remarked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I protest!" shouted Tracy.

"Protest—protest!" echoed his supporters.

Oliphant consulted with Hilton.

"Tracy protested!" said Bob, cheerfully. "But, as a matter of fact, Tracy has asked me to vote for him."

Oliphant turned quickly.

"What's that? Has Tracy asked you for your vote?"

"Yes."

"That settles it, then! If you've asked the kid for his vote, Tracy, what the thump do you mean by protesting against his voting?" demanded the captain of St. Kit's, angrily.

"I—I haven't!" said Tracy, desperately.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Hilton of the Fifth. "Somebody's lying."

"Tracy has asked me, in the presence of witnesses," said Bob Rake, with cheery assurance. "Only a few minutes ago he was threatening to make my life not worth living in the top study if I didn't vote for him."

"Is that so, Tracy?"

"No!" yelled Tracy.

"St. Leger heard him—"

"Yaas, begad."

"So did I!" howled Bunny Bootles.

"And I!" roared Stubbs.

Oliphant's brow darkened, and he gave Rex Tracy a very ominous look.

"The less you say the better, Tracy!" he rapped out. "The new boy will vote. Now then, silence! Hands up for Tracy."

Ten hands went up as on the previous occasion.

"Ten!" said Oliphant.

"Ten!" concurred Hilton.

"New hands up for Lovell."

Eleven hands rose in the air.

It was a foregone conclusion now that it was known how the new boy was going to vote. But as Oliphant announced the result there was a roar of enthusiastic applause for Lovell's party.

"Eleven—"

"Hurrah!"

"Lovell wins—"

"Bravo!"

"By one vote—"

"Hip-pip!"





The Arrival of "Whiskers."

THE next man Bucko side-stepped and threw into the fire. The other two ran for their lives.

All six guns were left in the mouth of the cavern.

A sudden rush seemed to have fallen on the crowd of ruffians, who were gathered about the other fires. The bandit Satan had retired to a ragged tent pitched by the side of a tumbling mountain brook about sixty yards away. His lawless gang for the moment were leaderless, and a paralysis of surprise seemed to overcome them.

They were in the habit of finding their prisoners almost helpless with fear. They did not understand this big man, nearly as broad as he was long, hitting their comrades with tremendous blows of his fists, stealing their food as calmly as if he were an invited guest.

Bucko took no notice of the buzz of wonderment that went up from the fires.

He stalked to the nearest fire where the pot of kid stew was well cooked. He lifted it off the fire.

"Ladies first, you larrikins. Where's your manners?" was all he said, and swinging the iron pot by its chains, he retired calmly on the cave, collecting the six guns as he passed in at the entrance, bearing away the smoking stew as Sampson carried away the gates of Gaza town.

The silence was broken by a yell of anger.

Every ruffian round the fires leaped to his feet, spitting and swearing and shouting what he would do to this mad Englishman.

But, somehow, they all remembered at this moment that the prisoners in the cave were now armed, and there was none amongst them who dared to follow this redoubtable stealer of suppers.

"There you are, Dookaysal!" said Bucko, setting the pot of stew down before the lady; "it's the best we can do for you under these tryin' circumstances, as the monkey said when he strangled the sick cat. Stewed goat, bread and cheese. I'm sorry we can't offer a high tone lady anythin' better, but you can't get fish an' chips in these ere solitooes."

But the Duchess thanked him gratefully and gave him a flash of her eyes that made him feel like fighting all the bandits in Spain.

And it was not long before Bucko had a chance of distinguishing himself in single combat.

There was a rush and shouting in the entrance of the cavern, and the bandit leader himself followed close by his two lieutenants, El Chinche and Sacamuelas, rushed into the cavern hot foot and shouting for vengeance.

El Chinche, the "Bed Bug," and Sacamuelas, the "Toothpuller," were two pretty ruffians who had somehow managed to escape from life sentences in the Convict Prison of Ceuta.

With knives drawn they rushed on Bucko.

"Do not kill him!" yelled

Satan. "He shall taste the torture!"

"Ho, do not kill me!" replied Bucko, sarcastically. "Well done, Jack!"

Jack Fearless, with a sudden rush, had floored Sacamuelas, sending him and his knife to the ground. The knife clattered along the worn rock floor of the cavern till it was lost in the shadows.

Bucko, picking up El Chinche with a mighty heave, hurled him as a missile at Satan's head, rolling him over and over on the ground.

Satan was up in a second and made a rush for the entrance. But El Chinche lay where he had fallen.

"Now, lady," said Bucko, turning to the Duchess Paz. "Sorry to be fightin' at supper time. But necessity comes before manners. The viscount will help you and the stew into the little cave yonder, so that if there is any shootin' you won't take any harm. Things will be gettin' busy here before long!"

The lady nodded calmly as Swishy and the boys gathered up the stew pot, the provisions and the guns, and shepherded their charges into a little side cave which was protected by a ridge of high rocks which cropped through the floor of the cavern.

And Bucko, calmly stooping over the stunned El Chinche, relieved him of two fine nickel-plated revolvers and a bag of ammunition ere he retired behind the natural breastwork, and hauling up the pile of pack saddles made a comfortable breastwork against attack.

There was a lot of talking and shouting outside the cavern. The bellowing voice of Satan (the bandit) was plainly audible above the chattering of his company. It was plain that he was urging them on to attack the cavern, and that they did not find this job much to their liking.

"That's the talk," grinned Bucko. "There's none of 'em wants to jump the joint. Now, boys, don't fire all at once when they show in the mouth of the cavern. Those bell-mouth blunderbusses spread the charge. Fire low and pepper their legs. We don't want to kill 'em more than we can help, and we don't want 'em to kill us. All we've got to do is to keep 'em busy till some help arrives from the ship."

A man appeared in the opening of the cavern suddenly.

There was an explosion of a blunderbuss which roared through the cavern like the report of a cannon and set the Spanish maids squealing.

The slugs and shot rattled everywhere amongst the rocks, and Bucko, with a quick-sighted shot, dropped the shooter before he had time to dodge back again.

The Duchess Paz in the cavern peeped out and smiled as she nibbled a bit of bread.

"Did you 'it 'im, mister?" she asked.

"Sure, lady," replied Bucko, respectfully. "I put a mustard plaster on 'is leg!"

Another random shot was fired

# THE CRUISE OF THE "TARTAR"

A Great Story of Sport and Adventure

By JOHN WINTERTON

JACK FEARLESS  
JOE LAWLESS  
BILL CARELESS

Featuring

of Great Yarmouth  
of Bradford  
The Trapeze Artist

AND

CAPTAIN BOB OAK

Master of "The Tartar"

Captain Bob Oak, of the s.s. "Tartar," advertises for three boys to join his ship. They must be willing to do anything and go anywhere. Out of thousands of boys who go down to the docks to join up are Jack Fearless, Joe Lawless, and Bill Careless. These three boys are chosen because they rescue Captain Oak from drowning. The "Tartar" sets sail, and the three boys soon make friends with the various members of the crew. There is Mr. Dark, Ching, Kingaloo, Bucko, Viscount Swishington, Wilfred the seal, Harold and Clifford the penguins, and Whiskers, a leopard. Their first stop is on the coast of Spain, where a shore party from the "Tartar" is captured by brigands, who have previously kidnapped a great Spanish lady. The "Tartar" party is taken up into the mountains, but Bucko soon deals with the outlaws when he finds that they have been starving their lady prisoner.

ia at the entrance and Bucko answered it again with the revolver, bidding the boys hold their blunderbuss fire for a rush, and to leave the fancy shooting to him.

He dropped his man this time, and a yell of anger went up outside the cavern, for the miscreants had discovered that the field of fire from the entrance was so small that those inside had an almost impregnable stronghold.

No more figures showed in the entrance. But soon across the doorway pack-saddles and boxes and sacks of earth were thrown to start a breastwork.

And from this a rapid fire was poured into the cave, the old-fashioned trabucos and blunderbusses roaring with loud explosions and filling the air with the blue fumes of powder and with the humming of slugs and buckshot.

Bucko soon grasped the tactics of his enemies. They wanted to hit the defenders by some lucky ricochet.

"Ow you get on, mister?" demanded the duchess, in a pause of the firing.

"Doin' first rate, your ladyship," replied Bucko, cheerfully. "They haven't knocked the winder pane out of Algy's eye yet."

The viscount, who had been waiting his chance, fired, and a man pitched forward over the barricade.

And after that the firing ceased. "Satan's scratching his fat head!" said Bucko, comfortably. "He's got some new dodge on lady, you take it from me!"

The new dodge was soon apparent. Satan the Bandit had made up his mind that he had got a wasps' nest on his hands. He therefore decided to smoke it out. Bundles of wheat straw plundered from the fields of the peasants in the country below were thrown into the entrance, and when they had blocked the mouth of the cavern buckets of water were thrown on them to damp them, and a skin of oil was emptied on them to cause them to burn.

Then tongues of fire began to run through the straw and a dense smoke rolled into the cave.

Bucko grinned wryly. "Some lad this, Jack," said he, to Jack Fearless. "He's up to every move on the board. He can't shoot us, but he's going to kipper us like one of your Yarmouth herrings. Tear up that old hoss blanket in three, wet it in yonder puddle, and tell the women to wrap their heads in them against the smoke. Maybe it will stop them servants screaming a bit."

The maids indeed were screaming dismally, but the duchess was quite silent.

When Jack offered her the square of moist blanket to keep the fumes of smoke from choking her, she shook her head graciously.

"No, Mister Ingles boy, t'anks," she answered, as though she were refusing a plate of cakes. "I will come to fight wiz you, brave boy. I will not put my 'ead in bag!"

And she was as good as her word. She crawled out of the cavern on her hands and knees and took the

sixth gun behind the barricade of rock.

"Imshi, begone, lady, or you'll get hurt!" said Bucko.

But the duchess shook her head.

"My ancestors him all fight," said she, steadily. "It shall not be said that I, Paz, Duchess of Antequera, show ze white feathers in my 'air when there is—what you call 'im?"

"Scrap, lady," said Bucko, making room for her.

"Ah! yes, scraps," replied the duchess.

"Pardon, lady," said Bucko, after a pause. "But what does Paz mean?"

"It is peace, senor," replied the duchess. "So I am named by my good godmother."

"Nice name," replied Bucko, affably. "I've only heard of one party called Peace, and that was Charley Peace."

The duchess sneezed as the smoke grew thicker in the cavern.

But luckily for the defenders they lay low on the floor, and above there seemed to be fissures and crevices in the rock that allowed a lot of the smoke to escape.

The fire of straw began to burn down rapidly, and half a dozen ruffians, suddenly leaping through the fire, kicking showers of sparks right and left, leaped into the cave.

Then Bucko swung round, for he could hear footsteps behind them.

"Look out, boys!" he cried. "They are coming in by the back door. Now's your time!"

The duchess calmly fired point blank at a couple of figures that were leaping through the smoke and brought them down together.

Bucko's revolver rang out twice as he defended their rear.

Jack Fearless bowled over a big smuggler who leaped the barrier, and as another man reached out of the smoke, grabbing at the duchess, he sent him rolling with a tremendous blow on the jaw.

"You hit him a good kick, young Mister Sailor. Well done," cried the dauntless duchess, whipping a small jewelled knife out of her pocket.

Then with a howl a huge figure leaped out of the smoke and closed with Bucko. It was Satan the Bandit himself. He had come through the back of the cavern by a narrow fissure of the rock.

He had Bucko down on his back and was about to use his knife when with a sudden heave Bucko threw him, sending his knife clattering far away.

Then the two closed, locked in a deadly embrace.

The fight seemed to stop by common consent as the two champions closed, swaying to and fro, locked in grim combat.

Sometimes the fight went with Bucko, sometimes with the bandit. But Bucko was biding his time, for he had his own tricks.

And soon he saw his chance.

Satan the Bandit flew into the air, descending with a heavy thump on the rocky floor of the cave where, for a moment or two, he laid still, with Bucko standing

over him as if he were in a boxing ring sparring for his own pleasure, instead of being surrounded by as dangerous and ruffianly a crew as could be gathered together out of all the corners of Spain.

"Have a care, mister!" called the duchess.

There was a rush forward on Bucko.

He picked up the leader of the rush and used him like a missile, hurling him at the next man. The boys leaped to his side with Swishy, using their fists right and left.

Satan had staggered to his feet, panting and snarling.

He saw his chance now. Creeping up towards Bucko he waited to deal his blow.

But he did not see the spotted shape of Whiskers the leopard that padded softly through the rocks at the entrance to the cave, closely followed by Ching, the Chinese cook. Nor did he see behind Ching the shadow form of Captain Bob Oak with a cutlass at his side, and carrying a blackthorn cudgel as thick as a man's arm.

Whiskers was the first to enter the cavern, his yellow coat gleaming in the firelight as he padded softly in through the rocky gate, shaking his paws as they touched the hot embers of the straw which had burned out.

For a moment Whiskers moved as though his silky, spotted form was liquid, poured out of a bottle.

He sneezed and snarled as his delicate nose caught the smoky reek of the cave. Then with two enormous bounds he covered the intervening space and landed with a soft, heavy thud on the shoulders of Satan the Bandit, just as he was in the act of striking.

Satan rolled over, and Whiskers stood with his fore foot claiming the ruffian, as he snarled fiercely and showed his sharp fangs to the affrighted mob who swung back shouting, "Tigre! Tigre!"

And Whiskers yawned insolently in their faces, his snake-like head disappearing in a terrible show of teeth and red tongue.

Satan the bandit lay on the ground beneath the leopard's powerful paw. He was paralysed with fear, foaming at the mouth, and his eyes rolling. He could not even shout for help.

Whiskers had not hurt him, and did not intend to hurt him, for he had been well trained.

His green eyeballs shone like emeralds as he glared at the astonished mob of ruffians who stood for a moment or two as if they were frozen to the ground.

Then, with a simultaneous rush, they made for the entrance to the cavern.

## Captain Oak versus Satan the Bandit.

"HERE they come, boys!" shouted the voice of Captain Bob Oak, like a trumpet. "Give them what Paddy gave the drum!"

The frightened mob jambed in the doorway, finding themselves between two fires.

For a moment they faltered.

Then Whiskers, lifting his grim head, gave a roar that was like the turning of a rusty cartwheel.

The hunting cry of a leopard is not a lovely sound. But when its echoes are caught up, magnified, and thundered back by a deep sounding board of a cavern, it is simply appalling.

The bandits, dropping their weapons in their fear, broke and ran. They would sooner tackle the men outside the cavern than the unknown beast within.

With a rush they strove to break through the crew of the "Tartar."

But the crew had opened out like a fan and were ready for the rush like a crowd of football forwards.

Crack went Captain Oak's blackthorn on the head of the leading forward of the bandit team.

Another bandit, knife in hand, made for Mr. Dark. He stabbed at thin air, for Mr. Dark, with a sudden Rugby duck, collared him by the heels and threw him on to his head, which landed him on a rock. And that knocked the senses out of him.

It was all done neatly and quietly.

The astonished bandits were caught, thumped, kicked and roped, their hands being tied behind them with every sort of knot and lashing known to sailors.

And last, but not least, Whiskers was told to come off the chest of Satan the bandit, which he very unwillingly did. Then the dazed



and astonished Satan was jerked to his feet by Bucko.

"You gotta sky the wipe new, Satan!" said Bucko, calmly. "It's the ole brown jug for you, sport. You've been and bit the brick in the pudden proper this time. Put your hands behind you, dearie, and I'll make a nice parcel of you."

And very unwillingly Satan put his hands behind him.

If looks could have killed, Bucko would have dropped dead at that moment.

"Just shows you, Satan," pursued Bucko, judiciously—"Just shows you how easy it is to follow the downhill course. Now show us where the duchess's shiners are, my lad, or I'll set the lepper on to you and I'll tell him to bite hard!"

Satan hesitated. He knew very well what Bucko was saying, though his knowledge of the beauties of the English language was but imperfect.

"Whiskers!" called Bucko to the leopard.

Whiskers frisked up to Bucko like a kitten, giving out a rasping purring sound as though he had swallowed a dozen tom cats and a circular saw at once.

"Do you know what that lepper is saying, Satan?"

"No understand!" replied Satan, sullenly.

"Well, he's sayin' 'Oh! Uncle Bucko, do let me bite a mouthful out o' that yellow-faced Dago's leg.' That's what he's saying. And if you don't disclose, prodooce, discover, an' otherwise hand over the lady's property, the leopard will bite! So lead us to the diamonds and pearls, an' the balass rubies!"

Very slowly and unwillingly, Satan the Bandit led the way to his tattered tent. And, still more slowly, he produced a small steel box which had been taken from the baggage of the duchess.

"Take this to the lady, Jack, and ask her if it is the goods?" said Bucko.

Jack hurried off with the box to the Spanish lady who was talking rapidly to Captain Oak, and with a small key which hung about her neck on a chain, she unlocked the coffer, giving a cry of delight at the sight of the shimmering mass of jewels which lay within.

"Ow can I thank you brave Ingles boys?" she asked. "Ere is the jewels which shall ransom my brother, Don Sebastian, from ze Moors who hold 'im prisoner. 'E was taken in the fighting at Melilla and 'e has powerful enemy. It was ze brave Captain Oak who brought his ship to meet me here and to take me to Morocco. Oh! thanks—thanks, you so brave English boy!"

Jack Fearless was quite overcome by these compliments. In the North Sea Fishing Fleet he had not been accustomed to be "brave."

"Are they all safe, madam?" he asked.

"All—all!" replied the lady. "My diamond and my ruby, ze collar of emerald, all are safe!"

Jack hastened back to the tent where Bucko, taking the unhappy bandit by his heels, had stood him on his head, shaking the money out of his pockets in showers.

"What's the lady's is the lady's," said Bucko; "but what's Satan's is ours. Look at the golden onzas, my boys. There's lovely coins for us that haven't seen more than a greasy Bradbury for years. Look at the broad pieces. See them tumble out of his pockets. He's stuffed with them. How dare you have money, Satan!" he added, affably.

"Happen the lad's got a bit more brass stowed away!" suggested Joe Lawless. "Ah'm from Bradford. Ah am. An' sometimes oop'yonder, we put a bit o' money away under th' hearthstone against Coop Tie days an' such like. Ah'm thinkin' we'll have a look under his fire!"

He pointed to the fire of pine logs and tips that was burning brightly on a large flat slab of stone at the entrance to the tent.

"True for you, Yorkshire!" replied Bucko. "Shift the fire, cool the stone, and see what's doing!"

The camp fire of the bandit had evidently been burning for a long time, for the white embers under it were thick and deep. Loads of wood had been burned there.

But it was speedily shovelled back and set flaring with a fresh pile of resinous brush and logs, whilst water was poured upon the

great slab of stone beneath to cool it.

"Now for a crowbar!" said Joe, producing the desired article, a cold steel stevedore's bar which had been brought up by one of the crew as a weapon when they had followed Whiskers, the leopard, through the hills on the track of the bandits.

It was pushed under the lip of the stone.

"Heave, boys," said Bucko, laying on the end of the crowbar. "Open Sesame!"

Satan the bandit gave a loud groan as the great stone was lifted quite easily, swinging up like a greased trap, and showing beneath it a small masonry cellar built as neatly as an inspection pit with channels to prevent the water getting in, and a lining of cement to exclude dampness.

Bucko clapped Joe on the back with such heartiness as to almost knock him into the pit.

"Good for you, ole Bradford!" said he. "You've found the Aladdin's Cave like a proper ole sleuth. In you get and chuck out the dust! See how dry the fire has kept it. Ah! Satan—Satan, you cunning old fox! Look at the bags of dollars. Hear 'em rattle. And to think that you've been saving 'em all up for us!"

The face of the bandit was nearly blue with anger as Joe, jumping into the pit, heaved up bag after bag of dollars, the proceeds of many a robbery and many a midnight murder. There were also watches and personal belongings, easily traceable.

Bucko rubbed his chin as he looked at these.

"That's the stuff that's going to get you into the garrotting chair, Satan, my boy!" said he. "And what's this?" he added, as Joe handed up a tin box full of documents and letters.

Bucko took the top letter and looked at it by the flare of the fire. It was written in German.

Bucko whistled when he saw the paper.

"Call the captain," said he. "Here's news for him."

Jack Fearless ran over to where the captain was standing.

"We discovered papers, sir, a German letter, and—"

Captain Oak walked swiftly over to Bucko and took the letter from him.

He read it carefully. Then he held the paper to the light of the fire, examining its texture and its watermark.

Then he whistled under his breath and glared at the bound leader of the bandits.

"You double-dyed scoundrel!" said he. "So you are in with this Hamburg gang? And all this job was a cut and dried business. You are Spanish agent of Hugo Stenk and Company, are you? And—"

Then Captain Oak did a most extraordinary thing. He grabbed at the bandit's hat and threw it to the ground.

Then he whipped out a big sheath knife.

In the background the duchess screamed. And Swishy ran forward with a cry of protest.

"I say, captain—really," he began, "scalping's barred, you know!"

And the boys stood horrified as Captain Oak, grabbing at the ruffian's hair, began sawing at his head as if he were sawing at his scalp.

The bandit howled with pain.

"Stop it, captain!" roared Swishington, at the top of his voice. "Hang it, we are Britshers!"

"Shut up, you ass!" snarled the captain, as he sawed away at the howling bandit's hair. "It's not his hair at all. I'm sawing off a wig stuck on with seccotine! And this chap is not Satan the Bandit at all!"

#### Jack Fearless's Combat.

THE bandit in Captain Oak's hands writhed and howled in anguish as the Captain sawed away at his scalp with the sheath knife, which, having been used for cutting plug tobacco, was none too sharp.

"I'm not scalping the rascal!" grunted the Captain, "though he deserves it well enough. I'm only giving him a haircut, and when I've finished that I am going to give him a shave. He's no Spanish bandit. He's a German; I can feel the shape of his flat head under this wig. He's got a head on him

as square as a half pound of margarine!"

The cry of horror which had greeted Captain Oak's savage attack on the spurious Satan was changed to a roar of laughter as handed after handful of the stuck-on wig was torn from the ruffian's head, showing that the wig had been gummed down over a closely shaved German scalp.

Then the Captain set to work on the bushy black beard, giving his victim a very rough clasp-knife shave.

It was in vain that the supposed Satan howled and kicked.

The relentless Captain tore the beard out, handful over handful, as if he were pulling the hair out of an old sofa cushion.

Then he pulled the supposed bandit up close to the fire and surveyed his face closely.

The supposed Satan forgot his Spanish accent.

"Donner und blitzten!" he roared. "I will vengeance haf."

"Oh! you will have vengeance, will you, you dirty Hamburg dog? And who are you that talk about vengeance?" said Captain Oak.

"My name is Schmidt," roared the German, in a fine German accent; "and I haf plenty of friends who will take vengeance for me."

"Your name isn't Schmidt," replied Captain Oak, regarding the rough-shaven face closely. "I've seen that ugly dial of yours before. Last time I saw it it was sticking out of a conning tower of U 937. Me and my mates were standing on the top of your dirty submarine with our hands tied behind us, eight miles north-east of Cape Finisterre. And you mocked us and submerged, leaving us all kicking in the sea. You are Ober-Lieutenant Spelwitz, late of the Kiel Canal Navy, and one of the dirtiest dogs in it. And you are hiding in this country because you are wanted for sinking a hospital ship."

"De war is over now," mumbled the ruffian, his eyes rolling in alarm as he watched the grim faces around him.

"War between us and Germany is over," replied Captain Oak, calmly; "but the war between

honest seamen and you underwater pirates is not over. But we will take it out of you our own way. Come on!"

He jerked the ruffian to his feet. "Got the neck to call yourself Satan! Why, Satan the Bandit and the real Satan are gentlemen compared to you!" he growled.

The Captain turned to his following.

"Shove this brute on a donkey. Turn his face to the tail so he don't make it blush," said he.

Then he looked round the circle of crestfallen bandits.

"Now, which of you gentlemen is the real Satan?" he asked.

There was a little wizened man sitting on the ground. He was very sick, because Jack Fearless had brought him to earth with a tremendous punch on the jaw, followed up by a second left-hander in the wind.

"Me am Satan," he coughed, rolling up his eyes like a dying duck in a thunderstorm.

"You Satan?" demanded Captain Oak. "Why, you look more like an old cab driver! I've seen a better Satan than you made out of tea leaves!"

But, none the less, it was the real Satan the Bandit who was speaking. This wizened old gentleman had more highway murders and robberies to his name than any of the bandits of Spain.

"Shove the old gentleman on a donkey, too," ordered the Captain; "and that will leave a donkey apiece for each of the ladies. Now we are for the ship."

The grey dawn was just breaking over the hills when the file of men and prisoners crossed the landslide.

"Guess it's safe enough now," said Bucko, looking up at the tremendous cliffs above with awed eyes. "All that was going to fall has come down."

They passed the landslide safely, the Duchess chatting amiably with her rescuers as they marched along.

Soon the whole of the story was known. Her brother, the Marquis of Setenil, an officer in the Spanish Army, had been betrayed and captured by the Moors during the fighting in Morocco. There was more behind this than met the eye.

The Marquis had been brought up at an English school. He was an Anglo-maniac, and had stuck up for England all through the war, making himself exceedingly obnoxious to all those who were interested in forcing German influence on Spain.

The German influence was still at work, and the unrest in Morocco was part of it. So the friendly Marquis had been spirited off, and was now held a prisoner in an ancient Moorish stronghold far away in the Sus country, to the south of Morocco, where no warrant ran.

It was the Duchess who had engaged Captain Oak and the Tartar to get her brother out of this dangerous position, and who had arranged to join the ship secretly at the Bay of Roses.

It was necessary that such an expedition as was contemplated should take place quietly, for any interference by armed men in Morocco at this moment might lead to complications, which the European powers did not want.

There had been spies about the Duchess, and even as she reached the end of her journey, she had been kidnapped by the disguised Spelwitz under the cover of the name of Satan the Bandit.

And this was the story of the Duchess, who was exceedingly happy to find herself under British guardianship.

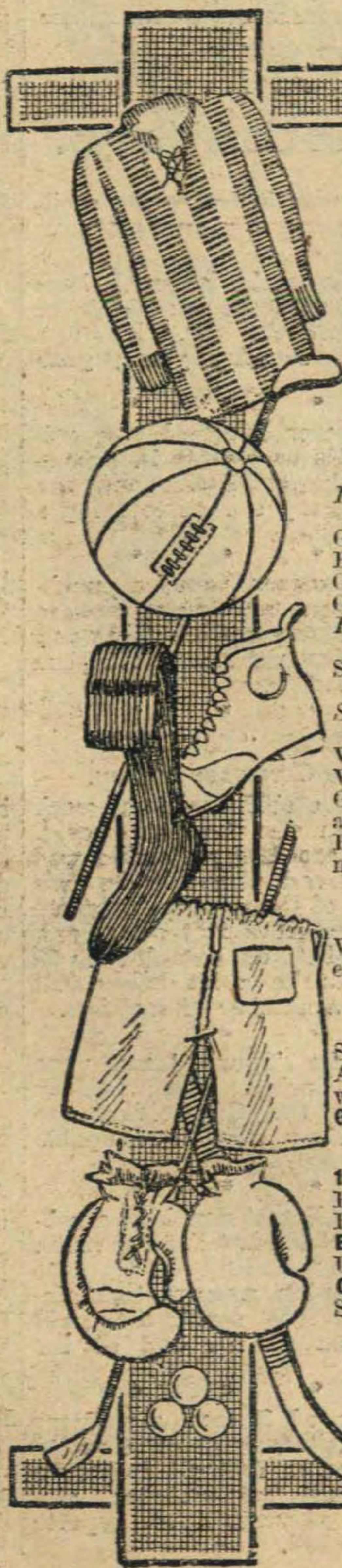
Many of the jewels which she had brought for her brother's ransom were scattered along the track that led to the haunt of the bandits. When she had been captured she had made a sort of paperchase of it, dropping the jewels unseen by her captors.

And she had not forgotten where she had dropped them.

At points the little column would halt, and a treasure hunt would start amongst the rocks and grass of the rough mountain path. And one by one the jewels were retrieved, much to the disgust of the hang-dog gang of bandits who were roped together in a long line.

But the sickest of the party was Ober-Lieutenant Spelwitz, alias Schmidt, alias Satan the Bandit, who, followed by Bucko and the boys, rode sadly down the mountain path with his head towards the donkey's tail.

"I great vengeance will haf for



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dis insult," he grunted now and then.

"Why, you snake-headed smoozer!" said Bucko, "you ought to think yourself in luck that the Head Serrano didn't scalp you. Spare me days, but I like your neck. You an' your lick have the Worcester Sauce to collar a swell Jane with all her jewels without as much as askin' for a knock down, and you carry her off to your buzzard's nest saucy as you please. And when we come along an' collect the dame and her shiners you lose your block and cracka boo like a girl outa an orphan school."

The German scowled.

"To my Government I will complaints make," he snarled.

"Gov'ment!" sneered Bucko.

"Why, you haven't got a gov'ment. We've sent your ole gov'ment to the pack. You belong to the also rans. So it's no good you puttin' on dawg and tellin' us what you are goin' to do after school. No, sir, you ain't the King Pin on your ole I.O.U. boat now, sinkin' hospital ships and drowning poor sailormen. Your lurk is holding horses' heads an' pickin' pockets, same as it always was. Nuff said, Jerry. Fade away."

And Ober-Lieutenant Spelwitz saw no more as the little procession wound its way through the corkwoods to the shores of the bay.

As they neared the shore they saw many boats on the water, and they saw that, anchored beyond the *Tartar*, lay a smart Spanish cruiser with the red and gold flag of Spain fluttering at her stern.

Captain Oak came to a standstill.

"I'm ready to give these rascals up," said he. "But I want to keep this German. What shall we do with him? I want to take him off to the ship without him being seen."

"Put him in a barrel, sir," suggested Joe Lawless, pointing to a few old wine barrels which lay piled up in a small shed.

"Good idea," said the Captain.

"Carpenter," he called.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Chips, the ship's carpenter, who had come ashore with the expedition with his bag of tools.

"Head this man up in one of those casks," ordered Captain Oak, jerking his thumb in the direction of the discomfited German.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Chips, readily.

Mr. Chips had been sunk four times by submarine action during the world war.

The little procession passed on down the slope of the corkwoods.

"You boys will bring the cask down to the beach and embark it," ordered the Captain. "If anyone says anything tell them that it is wine for the Captain's use."

"Yes, sir," replied the boys in chorus.

Mr. Chips quickly set to work to loosen the hoops of a cask. It was stained red inside and smelled like vinegar.

"Now, Jerry," said Bucko, pleasantly, when the cask was opened, "your submarine is ready for you. We'll jus' take you off the inoke and—"

"I will not be shut up in de cask," snarled Spelwitz.

"You didn't mind being shut up in your ole submarine when you submerged and lef' us washin' our faces in the sea," said Bucko. "Cut out the lip, Jerry, and git into your kennel."

And despite the struggles of their captive, Bucko, seizing him in a close hug, lifted him from the donkey and thrust him into the cask, which Mr. Chips headed up and secured with workmanlike speed.

"Better take your bit, Chippo, an' bore a few airholes for the rabbit," said Bucko. "Else he might smother, and we don't want him to die yet."

Mr. Chips fitted a shining bit into his brace, and bored through the tough oak staves till a howl of anguish from the interior of the cask told him that he was through the wood.

"That's enough, Chips," said Bucko. "Don't bore right through the scoundrel."

And when the cask was headed up Mr. Chips and Bucko hurried forward to the beach, which was crowded with Spanish officers who had landed from the boats.

These were gathered in an excited group about the Duchess,

bowing and scapap, and the air was full of exclamations of horror when they heard of her narrow escape from the bandits.

And many were the compliments that were showered upon Captain Oak and his companions for their share in the rescue.

In the meantime, the boys were fulfilling their task of getting the cask containing Lieutenant Spelwitz, late of the German Navy, through the thick patch of corkwood that separated them from the shore.

It is not very easy to twist and turn a long wine cask through the thick growth of the woods, and it was left to Bill Careless to suggest that they should follow a wider and a better path which branched from the beaten track.

"That will bring us just to the top of the slope on to the beach," said he. "Come out of the way, you chaps. I will show you how to walk a cask. I'm forgetting all my acrobatic tricks, and getting as stiff as a bit of shoe leather."

He shipped off his shoes and jumped on to the cask, rolling it under his feet in a way that aroused the admiration of his two chums.

"It's easy enough when you know how!" he called as he trundled the cask under his feet down a gentle slope which led to the descent of the beach. "I used to have to walk a cask like this up and down a plank when I was showing on the stage."

It might have been easy for Master Bill Careless, but it was not quite so easy for the contents of the cask, for the bumping of the cask and the smell of the wine fumes was upsetting their prisoner sadly.

"I bet old Pickled Pork don't like it much," said Bill, gaily, as he danced on the rolling cask, keeping his balance with wonderful skill. "Here we are at the beach," he added; "never mind about holding the cask, you chaps. I can hold it down the slope with my feet!"

There was quite a stiff slope down on to the beach, and a cry of admiration and amusement went up from the Spaniards as they saw the boy standing on the wine cask trundling it along at the head of the slope.

"Look at these wonderful English who walk on casks!" said one officer.

"It is better to have wine under the feet than in the head!" said another. "Behold how he comes walking down the slope on the cask! It is most admirable!"

But it was not quite so admirable when Master Careless had passed down one-third of the slope and the cask with the heavy weight of the German began to upset his calculations by gathering force and speed in its descent.

"It's all right, you chaps!" he called. "I think I can hold it."

But of a sudden the cask slid on a clayey patch, still wet with the dew of the morning. It made a leap forward which disturbed Bill's footing.

His feet worked like lightning, attempting to regain control. But it was too late.

The cask bounded forward. Bill's feet flew up in the air, and down he came on his back, whilst the cask with a sudden rush leaped down the slope, slewing slightly with his last kick and heading for a sort of rocky stairway made by the outcrop of rocks.

"A yell went up from the beach, and the runaway cask crashed down the rocky slope, bounding from rock to rock with heavy thumps."

"Have a care, Don Roderigo!" yelled one.

A fat little Spanish lieutenant, all epaulettes and hat, had just come ashore, and was bowing in the path of the barrel at the sight of the Duchess.

He gave a start and a run as the runaway cask came charging at him, and gathering up his long sword ran for his life, breaking the hundred yards record for the Spanish navy as he tore down the wet sands.

But the runaway cask was travelling faster than Don Roderigo.

There was a horrified yell as it ran up his back, knocking him down and rolling him into the sands with two starfish and a large pink jellyfish, ere it charged into the waves close by the spot where Bucko and Mr. Chips were waiting for it.

"Spare me days!" gasped Bucko, "but the old barrel has stouped the Dago, rolled him out clean as a pancake! Shove it aboard the lugger and let's do a get quick with it."

The cask was hastily rolled up a plank into the waiting boat, and

was rowed off to the *Tartar*, where the unfortunate U-boat commander was uncorked and decanted into an empty cabin, the door of which was securely locked on him.

The boys, left on the beach, hastened to the assistance of Don Roderigo, hauling him up out of the soft sand with profuse apologies.

"Ah, thought yo' were killed sure, laad!" said Joe Lawless, as he brushed the little man down and shook the sand out of his golden epaulettes.

"Good job it was a bit of a quicksand, sir!" said Jack Fearless, as he groomed the fat little Spaniard's legs.

"Queeksands!" exclaimed the lieutenant, smiling good-humouredly. "He was not so queek as your ole barrel. I jus' see 'im come. I run! But he hit me—Poum!—like zat."

The boys were immensely relieved to find the second lieutenant of the *Reina Isabel* took the matter so nicely.

"You are a sportsman, sir!" said Bill Careless, appreciatively.

"Sportsman! Yes, Senor. I am mad for ze sport!" said the little lieutenant, eagerly. "I come to ask your distinguish captain zat he shall do us ze honour of to play ze kickball between the two ships!"

"Football!" said the three boys, delighted.

"Ah, yes! Football!" replied Don Roderigo, eagerly. "We 'ave all ze instrument of kickball on our sheep—goalpost, kickball, and reverie—all completo! Always we seek ze sheeps who shall play us football. We play a game against your cruiser *Aretusa* in Gibraltar, and we lose by twenty goal to nozing. But it was splendid games. We 'ave three men in 'ospital, and we hurt two *Aretusa* mens. Dey are very hard mens on de *Aretusa*," added Don Roderigo, reflectively.

"Where shall we play, sir?" asked Jack Fearless. "There is very little level ground hereabouts."

Don Roderigo pointed to a sandbank which lay in the centre of the bay between the two ships.

"The tide, it lowers himself," said he. "Soon the hard sand will show, and will make a kickball ground of the best. I go to seek the permission of your illustrious captain."

And he marched off, full of his sporting errand.

The boys were not long in discovering that the football mania had attacked the Spaniards with its full force.

They had taken to it as kindly as an orphan school takes to whooping-cough. They had lost even their interest in bull-fighting, and when a Spaniard loses interest in bull-fighting he must take an acute interest in some sort of sport.

And when they realised that the *Tartar* was a sporting ship, they were mad to try their strength.

For the football team of the Spanish cruiser *Reina Isabel* were nothing if not sporting. They challenged every ship they met in port to the great game of kickball. They took on the crews of Cardiff colliers, of British men-of-war, and of British steam tramps of all descriptions.

They nearly always got beaten. But they did not mind. As they cruised around their own coasts they raided the bull-rings and played on the gravelly soil of their arenas, with disastrous results to their complexions.

And great was the rejoicing when Captain Oak agreed to stay the departure of his ship till sundown so that the match could be played on the sandbank that would soon be left bare between the anchorages of the two ships.

So great was the excitement that few questions were asked concerning the discomfited gang of bandits, who were duly handed over to the cruiser and taken on board her. Here they were promptly put in irons, and shepherded under an awning on the fore-deck, whence they could obtain a good view of the coming match.

Their sullen faces showed that they were not a bit interested in the game. They had had quite enough of playing football with the crew of the *Tartar*.

Shortly before noon enough of the sandbank showed to allow a boat's crew from the Spanish cruiser to erect the goal-posts.

And immediately a cry of horror arose from the little group of bandits on her decks.

They jingled their irons and howled and shouted. They yelled that they were not afraid to die, but that they were not going to be hanged without the ministrations of the priest.

"What's all the trouble on board there?" asked Jack, as the boys watched the little scene from the decks of the *Tartar*.

"Why," replied Bucko, "that's just their guilty conscience talking back at them. They think that the goal-posts are gallows, and that they are all going to be hanged at once. Look! There is the chaplain of the cruiser hurrying along to them."

And the boys saw the worthy priest of the Spanish ship hurrying to the agitated group, explaining to them that the wooden structures which were being erected on the sands were not the gallows they so richly deserved, but the instruments for a strange English game called "Kickball," or "Sokko."

And, greatly relieved, the bandits settled themselves to smoke cigarettes and to watch proceedings.

As the tide fell more, the hard sand was measured, and the touch-line marked in with white tape and surrounded by the small red and gold flags of Spain.

By noon the excitement was intense. On the *Tartar* Ching had put the dinner forward by half an hour. He had also cut a big plum-duff out of the menu so that the football team should not go out on to that glaring sandbank stuffed with suet and raisins.

Kingaloo was paddling round the sandbank in his kayak, with Wilfred, the seal, playing round his little craft, to the admiration of the Spaniards.

The crew of the cruiser were crowded along the rail three deep, jabbering eagerly and quarrelling over the bets on the coming match.

They dined earlier than the *Tartars*, and to keep them amused Mr. Dark rowed over on to the sandbank and staked out a little ring on the sand.

The Spaniards cheered.

In addition to their enthusiasm for football, there was a new and growing enthusiasm for boxing.

They had very little knowledge of boxing, for it has generally been regarded in Spain as a brutal and unedifying sport, condemned

## WHAT THE FAVOURITES SAY. Words of Wisdom from Famous Footballers.

### TOM HAMILTON

(Preston North End's Scottish Back).

"When I joined Kilmarnock in 1912 I was 17, and came straight from the pit. In fact, I still worked at the pit in mid-week after signing for that club, and my work underground constituted my whole training for football. Only since I came to Preston have I been a 'whole-time' footballer."

"The cleverest goalkeeper in first-class football to-day, in my opinion, is Ferguson, of Falkirk. I believe he is only about 19 years of age, but he is a coming international, I fancy."

"McNair, of the Celtic, I should place easily first among full-backs. I don't remember all the names of present-day English backs, but none of them is comparable with 'Mac.' He is always cool and always there when wanted. It was through watching him when I was a boy that I learnt my game."

"As a left-back, I regard McKinlay, of Liverpool, as the best man in English football."

"Jimmy Gordon is the finest half-back I know of, but there is another wing-half who will be an English international before very long—that great little man, Billy Mercer, a Preston lad not yet 20."

### HARRY HAMPTON

(Birmingham F.C.).

"The 1913 Cup Final is known in Cup history as the 'Dream' Final. A few days prior to the match, Clem Stephenson, Villa's crack inside-left, dreamt that Villa won the Final by a goal to nil, and that that goal was headed in by Tom Barber, our half-back, from a corner. This is precisely what happened, and I can assure you that from that time we hailed Clem, as the 'champion dreamer.'"

### E. LONGWORTH

(The Famous Full-Back).

"Many a goal have I seen given away by a full-back, who, instead of getting rid of the ball at the earliest possible opportunity, has decided to show how clever he could be with the ball at his toe in the way of beating the other fellows. Instead, he has lost the ball, with disastrous consequences to his side."

### HORACE BARNES

(The Renowned Inside-Left).

"Football is not a game to be played entirely with one's feet. The player's head should be used as well, not only to head the ball with, but to think."

### ARTHUR GRIMSDELL

(Tottenham Hotspur's Clever Half-Back).

"I have often seen what always strikes me as a very clever kick performed by our wonderful little outside-right, Walden. This may be called the 'forcing-a-corner' trick. Getting the ball very near the goal line, he may find some full-back so hard upon him that he is quite unable to get in his centre. That being so, it seems to strike him—and it is a very happy idea—that the next best thing is to get a corner kick, so, instead of attempting the impossible centre, he just kicks the ball against the legs of his full-back opponent, and over the line it goes for a corner kick!"

### A. HUNTER

(The Well-known Tottenham Hotspur Goalkeeper).

"When I have a bit of white heather about me I know I am going to be lucky. You see, I'm a Scotch lad from Renfrew, and, like many of my countrymen, I have a great faith in a sprig of heather, and it was this mascot which brought me

luck when I wore it during the exciting match of the Cup Final."

"A very valuable lesson I have learned by experience is: Don't be afraid to punch the ball. This is a good tip for aspiring young goalkeepers."

"I have never followed any cut-and-dried rules or system in becoming a leading goalkeeper, and can only attribute my success to being a born footballer."

"I have, however, found a punching-ball of great assistance, because plenty of punching and clutching will make you quick and strengthen your wrist and arm."

### CHRISTMAS "CROCKS."

How SOME CLUBS ARE FARING.

Following the stiff Christmas week programme in the football world, many clubs are badly handicapped owing to injured players. In this direction one of the most unfortunate of the League sides is the Arsenal, whose long list of casualties will cause them to be a lot below full strength for a number of matches.

Five of the 'Spurs team were "crocked" during the holiday matches, but the Cup-holders are fortunate in the possession of capable understudies.

Nottingham Forest now hold a substantial lead at the head of the table.

If Southampton manage to maintain their present form, they will win promotion at the end of the season.

The Editor of *SCHOOL AND SPORT* invites responsible members of school and other junior football teams to send in reports of matches, etc. When space permits, these reports will be published.



by the public and by the patrons of the bull-ring alike.

But the crew of the cruiser were travelled men who had picked up new ideas, and a yell of delight went up from the Spaniards' decks when they saw the ring staked out.

The cheers increased when Mr. Dark stepped into the ring with a sugar-box.

"Viva Carpentaria!" yelled the Dagoes three hundred strong.

Then a roar of laughter went up as Mr. Dark put his hand cautiously into the sugar-box and withdrew it, speedily clapping his fingers into his mouth.

For in the box were sitting Clifford and Harold, both in a rather irritable and quarrelsome frame of mind, for they were divided from one another by a bit of chicken wire, which had kept them from settling their differences all the morning.

It was Harold who had bitten Mr. Dark.

But in another second his master had him by the neck and had pitched him out on the sand.

Then Clifford was hiked out speedily before he had time to follow Harold's bad example.

There was a murmur of astonishment at the sight of the two penguins, who looked like little men in white waistcoats and black tail coats.

Then a yell of delight rent the air, for to the ends of the pet's flippers Mr. Dark had secured tiny boxing gloves.

It was the most successful fight that was ever seen.

Even the captured bandits forgot their troubles as Cliff and Harold breasted up to one another and slugged one another with heavy blows of their flippers, till Mr. Dark ended the first round by calling "Time!" and separating the combatants by seizing them by their necks as if they were a couple of bottles.

They were thrown each to his corner of the ring and duly fanned.

The deck of the Spanish cruiser was aboil now. The foesle head sportsmen had picked up the penguins names, and were shouting the odds freely on "Cliffordo" and "Haroldo."

Several quarrels broke out amongst the Spaniards also. Knives were drawn, and the master-at-arms had quite a busy time removing new customers to the cells.

Soon Clifford and Harold were at it again in brisk combat, and five rounds were fought in quick succession.

But it was the hot day and a huge lump of the condemned plum duff which settled Cliff. In the sixth round he began to pant, looking like a feather bolster. His beak opened and shut, and he no longer sent his flipper home with resounding thwacks on Harold's thick feathered waistcoat.

Thrice he hit the air in succession. Then Harold saw his chance, and with a final slug knocked him over on his back on the sand, standing over him with drooping flippers and a suspicious eye whilst the count was taken.

Harold knew enough of Cliff not to trust him. Cliff was generally shamming when he was laid out, and would jump up with a nasty butting peck.

But this time Cliff had taken the knock-out. He was lifted up and put in the sugar-box, and Harold was dropped back into the receptacle to comfort him.

There was an immense hub-bub on the Spanish cruiser, where the Dagoes were settling up their debts in packets of cigarettes.

Then a boat pushed off from her side amidst a storm of cheers. A huge Spaniard dressed for the ring was rowed to the Sandbank and landed with a couple of small yellow-faced bottle-holders, who, with the aid of a megaphone, announced that Juan el Relampago, or Lightning Jack of Barcelona, challenged all comers to the box before the football match should take place.

The three boys looked at one another.

"Let me take him on," said Jack Fearless.

Bucko Scott shook his head doubtfully.

"I'd sooner go and see about him myself," said he. "But I sprained my wrist on one of them bandits this mornin'." The Barceloney Nut looks a big chap, Jack, and I want you to play in the football team. I doubt if you can crack him!"

"Let me have a shot," urged Jack in pleading tones.

"All right, then. Off you go to the bank," replied Bucko, "and don't forget all I have told you. Take your chums with you as seconds. Mind, that Barceloney Champeen will fight like a Frenchman. Look out for his feet."

The three boys, delighted, scurried down to the boat, Jack burning to distinguish himself in the sight of the ship.

They rowed off to the sandbank and stepped ashore.

Lightning Jack grinned when he saw them.

"Why, you only boys!" he exclaimed. "I want mans to fight with I—the Lightning of Barcelona!"

And he hit his enormous chest proudly with his closed fist.

"Happen we've been fightin' with some Spaniards already today!" said Joe Lawless, calmly.

"An' we didn't come off second best either. Ah'm fro' Yorkshire, Ah am, an' I'll trouble you for a look at them gloves. Not that Ah'm suspicious, but I have heard tell of horses' shoes bein' hidden away in strange boxin' gloves. Ah'm from Bradford, Ah am. Ha'ye ever been to Bradford, Barcelona?"

The Spaniard shook his head wonderingly.

"You've missed a sight. It's a grand city!" said Joe, carefully examining the gloves.

"Pardon me, Caballero!" said the Barceloney Lightning, staring at the boys. "Do I fight three Ingles boys?"

Joe laughed and shook his head.

"Yo'll find one English boy 'bout as much as yo' can chew up, old Spanish Lickerish!" said he. "Here's the one that takes you on—Mr. Jack Fearless, o' Great Yarmouth!"

Lightning Jack glared at his opponent.

"Ha! I eat him!" he exclaimed, contemptuously.

"Mind he don't give you indigestion!" responded Joe Lawless with sarcasm as he took his man to his corner. "Perhaps your banana faced pal there with the one eye will act as referee," he added.

"and mind he plays straight or we'll mob him!"

The excitement was tremendous when Jack faced his antagonist.

The Spaniard was a huge man with long hairy arms like the arms of a gorilla. And he had a queer way of shooting out his chest like a pointer pigeon.

The cruiser yelled for their champion. The Tartars hanging along the rail of their ship preserved a stolid silence. They wanted to see how much the Barceloney Champeen, as they called him, knew of the gentle art and science of boxing.

They were soon to discover.

He flew at Jack like a whirlwind, arms and legs flying.

Jack swiftly sidestepped and a thud echoed over the still waters of the bay as Lightning Jack, the Terror of Barcelona, threw a sort of Barcelona catherine-wheel and landed on his neck in the sand.

He was up again in a second. And the next thing that Jack was aware of was a mighty kick which he avoided by a swift duck. He felt the wind and Lightning Jack's shoe whistled past his ear, and a roar of disapproval went up from the deck of the Tartar.

The tactics of the Barcelona Terror were the tactics of the bull of his native bull ring. He dashed straight at his object seeking to knock out with one blow, and for a little while Jack played the game of the toreador, avoiding and feinting, ducking and dodging.

"Tiempo!" yelled the referee.

The combatants went to their corners.

#### Spanish Football.

"MIND you don't let him hit you or kick you, Jack!" whispered Joe as he towelled his champion. "You won't want two of his Barceloney kisses if he gets home. But he's winding himself already!"

Lightning Jack was panting when he came up for the second round. This time he used his hands and gave Jack a jolt that made him see stars. Then up went his foot and Jack dodged it cleverly. He saw his chance.

"The dirty left!" yelled the Tartars as one man.

And Jack's left went home on the point of the Spaniard's jaw, laying him out on the sand whilst Jack stood over him counting the seconds under his breath.

It was the turn of the Tartars to cheer now. Kingaloo puddling round the sandbank waved his paddle with shrill cries, and Ching Ho, dashing out of the galley, waved a dishcloth, throwing it up in the air derisively as a sign to the Spaniards that they had skied the towel for their champion.

Lightning Jack lay on the sand rolling his eyes and gasping.

"Ha! ha!" he sobbed. "I die. I am killed by so mighty blows."

But Bill and Joe, assisting his seconds, poured a pail of water over him and put a jellyfish on his head to cool him off.

Then he was hoisted to his feet and led tottering to the boat whilst Bucko derisively shouted to the cruiser to know if they were going to send Alicante Alf, Cadiz Charlie or Toledo Tom ashore.

"Ha! You beat us at ze box!" yelled a voice of thunder from the cruiser. "But, you see, we shall beat you at ze kickballs. Now we come!"

The cruiser's boat came pulling fast to the bank with the football team, and Bucko, pulling off with his team, gave a gasp of astonishment as he counted the yellow and red jerseys.

"Why, there are twenty-five of them!" said he.

"Never mind, Bucko!" replied Swish soothingly, "the more the merrier. There is Don Roderigo with the ball!"

He approached politely and saluted the Lieutenant who, fat and round, was attired in a tight jersey of red and gold and who wore on his head a huntsman's cap. "You have brought a big team with you, sir," said he.

"Ah, yes!" replied Don Roderigo, beaming. "All ze men want to play. If we cannot win with few men we will win with plenty."

"All right, sir," said Bucko, "just as you please, as the monkey said when his keeper wrung his neck. We'll toss now."

The game started promptly with a terrible rush of twenty-five Spaniards. There was no doubt

about their style of play. They were all on the ball and disregarded every rule of the game. Their goalkeeper was mostly playing forward, which gave the Tartars their chance for their first goal. They broke through the mob with the ball and found nothing between them and their opponents' goal.

In revenge the cruiser's team made a tremendous and gallant rush which could not be resisted by the Tartars and scored a goal.

Shortly after this the game, in a brisk passage, suddenly stopped. Two sub-lieutenants on the Spanish side were being held back from one another by their comrades as they glared at one another and rolled their eyes desperately.

"Spare my days, Don Roderigo," demanded Bucko of the opposing captain. "What's the sorrow between them two champeens?"

"Ah, it is very bad!" cried Don Roderigo shrugging his shoulders and dashing into the group. "Calm thyself, Don Jacinto! Calm thyself, Don Ilario!"

It appeared that in the scrimmage for the ball Don Jacinto, boiling with excitement and emulation, had slapped Don Ilario's face. Now they were proposing to fight a duel before the game proceeded. Don Ilario had refused to accept the apology of Don Jacinto and had declared that nothing but Don Jacinto's life could wipe out the insult.

But, understanding this, Bucko breasted into the excited mob.

"Come here, Don Jacinto!" said he, "and come here you other champeen. Do I understand that Don Jacinto stouched you in the boko, Don Ilario?"

"No, Senor," replied the outraged Don Ilario. "E did not hit me in boea"—and he pointed to his mouth. "He hit me on nose. He shall die! Ha! He shall die!"

"Lum-tiddle-um-tum ti!" rejoined Bucko curtly. "You shake hands with him at once, Don Ilario. You Dago nobles are too handy with your toasting forks. Shake hands and make friends like shipmates. Don Jacinto has already said that 'e didn't mean to give you the dirty left and that it was all excitement. You must be silly to talk about killing him. Come on, shake hands!"

A sudden revulsion of feeling overcame Don Ilario, the blood-thirsty. Don Jacinto was his chum. He hurled himself on his friend's neck, kissing him and patting his back.

"Amigo! Amigo!" he cried. "Now I didn't ask you to kiss him!" exclaimed the thunder-struck Bucko. "Pon my word, I never saw such a crowd. You are either playing murder or kiss in the ring. Break away there and let's get on with the game."

And the two enemies, having arranged their differences, the game was got on with, swinging backwards and forwards over the sandbank till it was trampled all over.

At half-time things were equal, numbers had held their own against science. As the game went on the tide began to rise, swiftly creeping over the ground.

"Keep goin'!" yelled Bucko. "We'll play it out even if we have to finish up at water polo."

Soon the players were charging ankle deep through the water, measuring their length with heavy splashes, soon they were knee deep, for there was a big tide into the bay this afternoon.

Then a yell from Kingaloo attracted the attention of the players, for outside the submerged touchline showed the circling fins of two large sharks which were setting on and off the bank as they felt the shoal water under them and as their cowardly hunger was held in check by the noise of the players.

"Shark-o!" was called from the ship.

"Never mind the sharks, boys!" yelled Bucko. "Play on!"

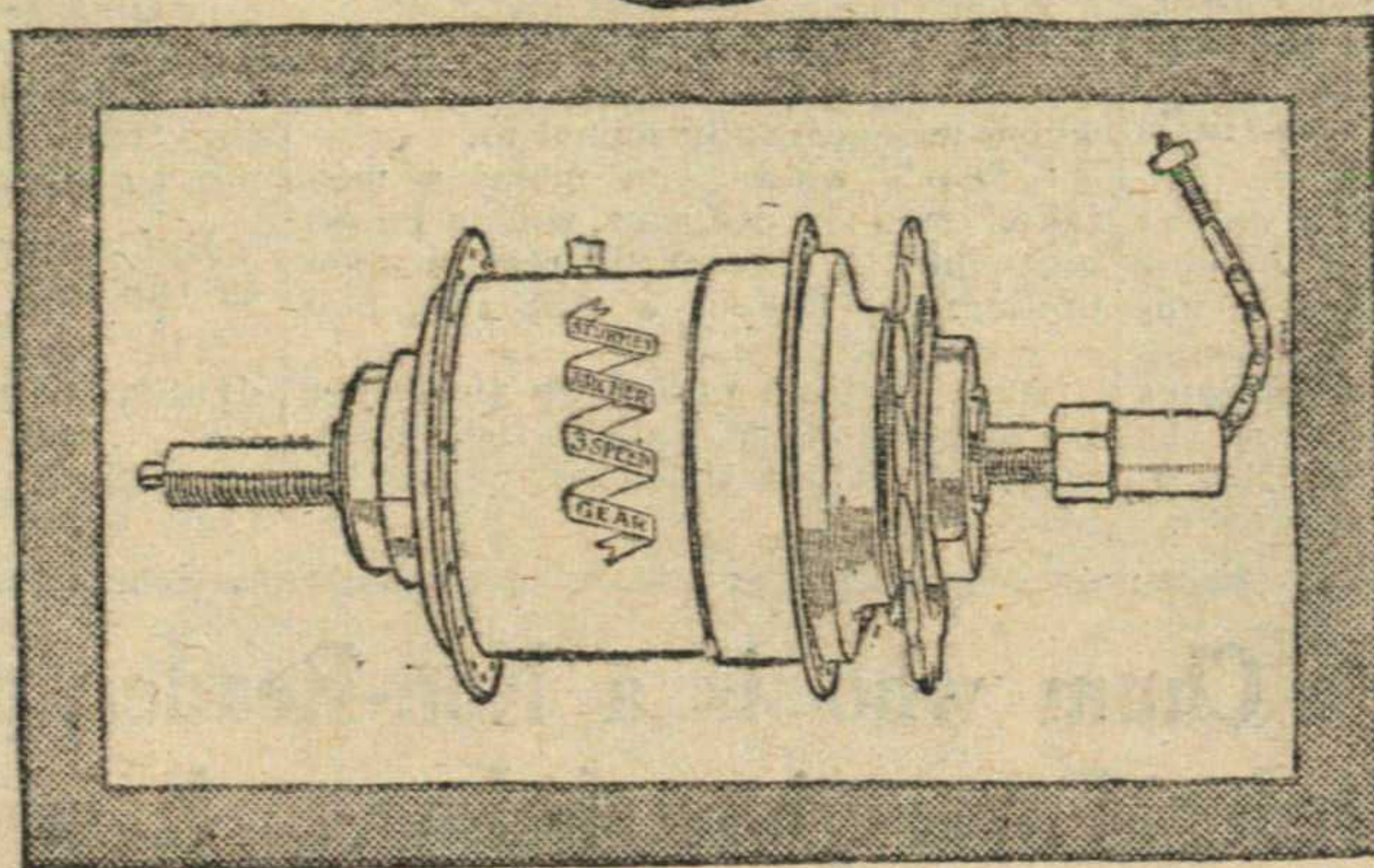
The game was water polo now, and Jack, seizing the ball, was swimming strong for the enemy's goal.

And suddenly a yell went up, for one of those ugly fins turned and skimmed rapidly through the water towards the swimming boy.

(There will be another long instalment of this magnificent sport and adventure serial. Ask your chum to read this issue. He will enjoy it.)

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# STORYETTES.

SPECIAL PRIZES OFFERED TO READERS.—See Page 11.

## THE ABSENT-MINDED DON.

One of the finest instances of absence of mind on record is that furnished by a certain Oxford don, whose "scholarly abstraction" frequently landed him in difficulties.

Dining out one night, he suddenly became versed in thought, and for a time sat gazing at his plate, evidently deeply engrossed in some mighty problem.

Now it happened that his left-hand neighbour, a portly dame, had a habit of resting her hand on the table, palm down, and fingers closed.

Suddenly the professor awoke from his brown study, seized his fork, plunged it into the plump paw reposing to the left of his plate, and, beaming genially through his glasses, remarked, "My bread, I think!"

## A FOOTBALL ENTHUSIAST.

There is a certain engine-driver employed on a little out-of-the-way line who is exceedingly fond of football. One afternoon, the signals being against him, he pulled his train up, and then found that two schools were playing a match in a field just in front of him.

The engine-driver was so intent on watching the game that he forgot all about the signal, and so did not see that it had been put down.

A fussy old gentleman in the train, however, noticed that the signal was down, and called to the guard to know why the train was at a standstill.

The guard went up to the engine-driver.

"What are you up to? Can't you see the signal is down?"

"Is it?" said the engine-driver, without looking up. "Then you go and tell the chap in the box to shove it up again. I'm going to see this match out!"

## HORRIBLE!

Man (in drug store): "I want some consecrated lye."

Druggist: "You mean concentrated lye."

Man: "It does nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulphur?"

Druggist: "Fifteenpence. I never cinnamon with so much wit."

Man: "Well, I should myrrh, myrrh! Yet I ammonia novice at it."

## KNEW AT ONCE.

"Now, I have an impression in my head," said the teacher. "Can any of you tell me what an impression is?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An impression is a dent in a soft spot."

## IN A TRAMCAR.

She was rather a stylish-looking young lady, and attracted attention when she entered the tramcar. She occupied the only vacant seat, beside a rather elderly gentleman. When the conductor came for her fare she fumbled in her purse, and then suddenly became pale.

"Oh, I've been robbed!" she gasped. "There is nothing but a piece of orange-peel and a bit of an old cigar in my pocket!"

"Madam," said the deep bass voice of the man by her side, "would you mind taking your hand out of my pocket?"

## READY FOR EMERGENCY.

The mild Hindoo, as a rule, is incapable of originating a scheme to meet any emergency, but is very good at carrying out one that has been explained to him.

A few weeks ago the native station-master of an out-of-the-way Indian railway-station was suddenly attacked by a tiger, made bold through hunger.

The startled assistant immediately rushed to the telegraph-office, and wired to the European station-master at the next place on the line as follows:—

A few minutes later the door opened, and the basin was in the "milkman's" hands, also the half-crown which it contained.

What the milkman said when he came and found the basin empty was only equalled by what the lady of the house said when she insisted that she had paid him once, and wasn't going to pay him again.

A new milkman calls at No. 7 now, and the good wife opens the door wide.

## FULLY PREPARED.

The other evening an eccentric-looking and slovenly-dressed old man was sitting with his legs crossed in an armchair before the fire in the smoking-room of one of the leading commercial hotels.

His trousers were somewhat drawn up on one leg, which he crossed, ex-

## Who Shall be Captain?

(Continued from page 11.)

It could not be called bribery and corruption, for the election was over and done with, and Harry Lovell was captain of the Fourth. No. 5 Study had a right to feast their loyal supporters; and they did it royally. Every fellow who had voted for Lovell was present, and the study was crowded. A guest of honour among them was Bob Rake, whose vote had decided the election. Certainly, Bob's personal importance had diminished tremendously since the election. He was now "only a new kid." But he was treated with some distinction by Algernon Aubrey, with friendly cordiality by Harry, and very civilly by all the rest. And he enjoyed the spread in No. 5 Study on his first day at St. Kit's.

It was a glorious celebration. Even Lickie had deserted his be-

number of healths that were drunk, the ginger-pop and the lemonade being almost unlimited.

In the top study Rex Tracy was gritting his teeth, and muttering words which it was well for him that his form-master did not hear. But nobody in the jolly party in No. 5 had any thoughts to waste on Tracy.

Long and loud was the celebration, and it ended up with the singing of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," in a chorus that was heard far beyond the confines of the Fourth Form passage.

The merry party broke up at last.

It was Saturday night, and there was "Sunday prep." to be considered. In one's and two's the cheery guests departed, till Bob Rake was the only one that remained in No. 5 with Harry, Algy, and Bunny Bootles. And the new junior rose to go.

"Hang on here for prep., dear boy," said Algernon Aubrey, kindly. "I'll put you through your paces."

"New kids don't have any prep. first night," said Bunny.

"Oh, good!" said Bob.

"Hang on, all the same, till bed-time," said Harry.

"Thanks! But I think I'll see about getting my things in my quarters," said Bob.

Algy coughed.

"The fact is, you're goin' into the top study," he said. "Little us are goin' to take possession of that commodious and desirable residence on Monday. But at present—ahem—"

"He, he, he! They'll make it hot for you!" chuckled Bunny.

"Shut up, Bunny!"

"Well, they will, you know!" said Bunny, apparently much entertained at the prospect. "They'll make him sit up for voting for Lovell."

Bob Rake smiled quietly.

"I fancy I can take care of myself," he remarked. "I'm not looking for trouble. But if anybody wakes me up he will find my eyes wide open. Ta-ta, you fellows!"

And Bob swung cheerily out of the study. If there was trouble awaiting him in his own quarters he seemed quite prepared to face it—and undoubtedly there was severe trouble, in the top study, waiting for the cheery junior whose vote had decided that burning question, Who Shall be Captain?

THE END.

(There will be another splendid long, complete story of the chums of St. Kit's in next Monday's issue of SCHOOL AND SPORT. Order your copy to-day.)

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## AN ARTFUL DODGER.

The permanently unemployed man, who stood against the wall from morn till night, had noticed that the milkman, on calling at No. 7 on Monday mornings, was in the habit of finding his week's pay at the bottom of the basin.

He had also noticed that the lady of the house was not an early riser, and that she simply opened the door wide enough to pass out the basin, and then retired, to return some little time later to fetch the milk.

This struck the chronic lily one as a sweet thing for raising sundry drinks without the necessity for undue energy, and on the following Monday morning, some ten minutes prior to the milkman's usual time, the artful one rang the bell at No. 7, called out milk, and awaited events.

posing to view a brilliant red, white, and blue striped sock, and noticing two or three of the company looking at it and smiling at each other, he lifted his foot into full view, and said, with apparently much satisfaction:—

"Grand pattern that, isn't it, gentlemen? I'll bet you there's not another like it in the room."

"I'll bet cigars round that there is," replied one rather youthful commercial.

"Done!" cried the old man.

"Where is it?"

"On your other foot," responded the better, with a triumphant laugh, which was generally joined in.

"That's where you make a mistake," said the old man, with a knowing wink. "I generally reckon upon finding one flat in a company, and so come prepared."

With that he pulled up the other leg of his trousers, and, to the amusement of all but the loser, exposed a black sock.

loved moths and beetles to come—every loyal supporter was there. Indeed, there was open house for all the Fourth—members of the defeated party were welcome to join in the feast, if they cared to come. And a good many cared to come! Tinker Smith dropped in, and was made welcome—though he was firmly suppressed when he tried to tell Bob Rake all about a little thing in D minor. Lane and Leigh dropped in—and Catesby, of course. Catesby would not have missed a feast at the table of his deadliest enemy. Verney minor and O'Donoghue came along. By that time the study was crowded, not to say crammed.

But everybody was cheerful and in the best of spirits.

The new captain's health was drunk in ginger-beer and lemonade, and then his election manager's health was drunk—in fact, there was no limit to the

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